The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIV. No. 1627 MAR. 28, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

DINNEFORD'S
PURE FLUID
MAGNESIA

Magnesia should be *fluid!*

That is why, for over a century, Dinneford's Magnesia has held premier place.

Dinneford's pure fluid Magnesia always benefits. It cannot harm the most delicate constitution, and is at all times a safe and effective laxative. Infants' stomach troubles are put right at once by a dose of Dinneford's.

Solid or powdered magnesia should *on no account* be given to infants or taken by adults.

You take no risks with Dinneford's Magnesia. Recommended by doctors for over a hundred years for Acidity, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious Affections, &c.

FOR FULL INSTRUCTIONS READ PAMPHLET ENCLOSED WITH EACH BOTTLE.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.
Manufactured in London for the past 100 years.
Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

BEFORE AND AFTER SPORTS

No matter what the weather may be, you need never fear its effect upon your skin if you protect same by regularly using

BEETHAMS Larola

upon your face, neck, hands and arms, before and after exposure. It protects the skin from frost and cold winds, leaving it soft and velvety, and free from cracks and dryness, both of which are extremely uncomfortable. 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

If your Complexion be too pale, try Larola Rose Bloom—it's lovely, 1/- per box. LAROLA TOILET POWDER, 2/6 per box.
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BRAND
LIQUID COFFEE

In 6p. 9p. and 1/4 Bottles

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

For friends who ride regularly to hounds there could be no more useful and appreciated gift than a convenient stand to hold the week's list of meets. Amongst the many gadgets for sportsmen which the Sporting Gallery is now exclusively showing, hunting people will find a variety of such stands, at prices to suit all purses. A type much favoured, made in oak or mahogany, bears on its front a metal plaque, chromium plated (and therefore requiring no cleaning) which is engraved after a drawing by LIONEL EDWARDS, IVESTER LLOYD, or other well-known sporting artists. Stands thus embellished for Staghounds, Harriers, Beagles and Otterhounds are obtainable, and particulars will be sent on application.

Prices from **31s. 6d.**

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, King St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.2

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· Granville ·

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is a cheerful baby. His sunny smile reflects his physical condition. He is healthy not only internally but *externally*: his skin is free from roughness, rashes and irritation . . . . Wise mothers will tell you that Wright's Coal Tar Soap is unequalled as a preventive against children's skin ailments. It keeps Baby's delicate pores scrupulously clean and protects against infection.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap

SIXPENCE PER TABLET

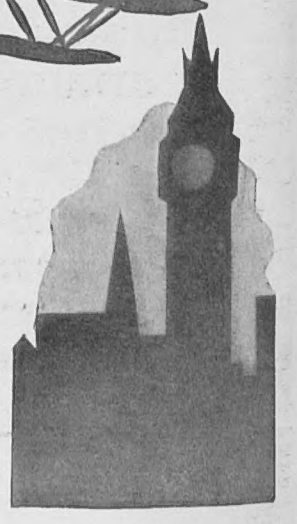
Do you live in EGYPT

THE SUDAN, UGANDA, KENYA, TANGANYIKA?

Have you Friends There?

The inauguration of the African air route by Imperial Airways Limited as far as Mwanza (Tanganyika) opens up a new era for shopping by air in the old country.

By arrangement with Imperial Airways Limited, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, the proprietors of ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SKETCH, TATLER, BYSTANDER, SPHERE, GRAPHIC and BRITANNIA & EVE, have established an Air Parcel Bureau by which, under certain conditions, orders entrusted to them by overseas and home readers will be despatched by air to the countries named.



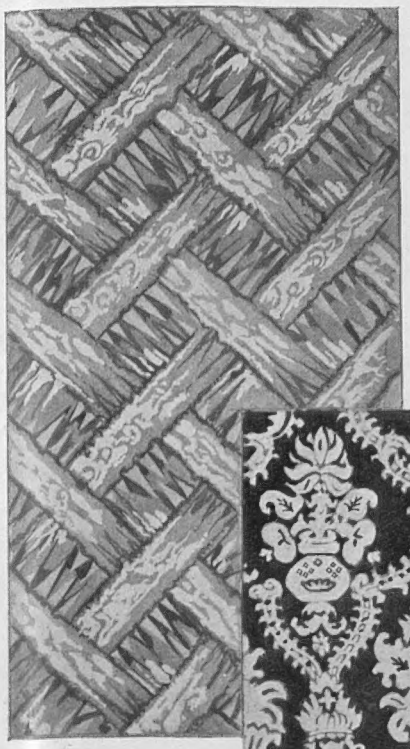
SHOP THROUGH THE GREAT EIGHT AIR PARCEL BUREAU

Under this scheme it is possible for residents in England to send out to their friends on the African air route, presents, clothing or other articles which they may need. Small motor car spare parts may also be sent.

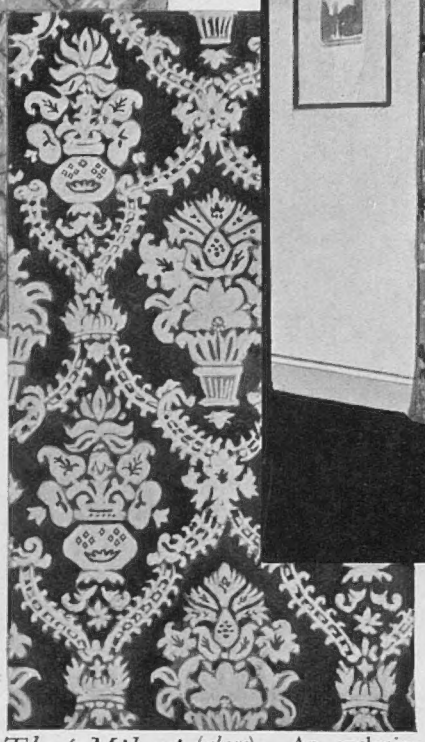
A folder describing the scheme, and rates, can be obtained from Imperial Air Stations at Cairo, Assiut, Luxor, Assuan, Halfa, Kareima, Khartoum, Kosti, Malakal, Shambe, Juba, Butiabo, Port Bell, Kisumi and Mwanza, or from the GREAT EIGHT Air Parcel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

FABRICS for FURNISHING

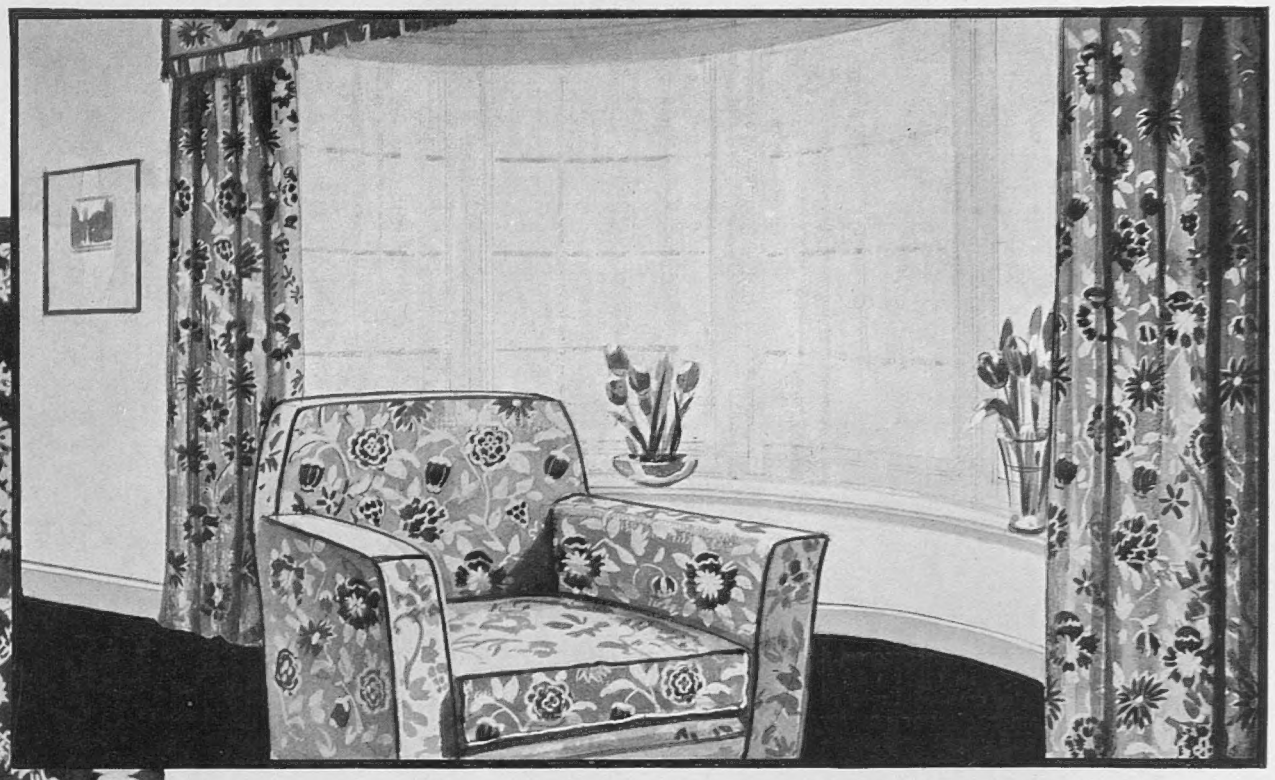
Harrods offer you a choice of distinctive patterns and textures—and really outstanding values—that will make your Spring decorating a complete satisfaction to you.



The New 'British Weave' (*illustrated above*).
A fadeless curtain fabric, modern in design and weave. In two-tone shades of Green, Blue, Brown, Copper. 50 ins. wide. Exclusive to Harrods.
Per yard **5/11**



The 'Milan' (*above*). An exclusive Satin Damask of Italian Period design, beautiful in finish and very durable. In two-tone shades of Rose, Green, Red, Blue and Old Ivory. 50 ins. wide. Per yard **11/9**



CURTAINS AND COVERS

Harrods will gladly submit Estimates for making Curtains and Covers, together with Patterns of Fabrics, without the slightest charge or obligation.

The 'Manningham' (*illustrated above*). An exclusive Damask in soft chintz tones on a Green, Blue and Rose Satin groundwork. Colours guaranteed fast. 50 ins. wide. Per yard **12/9**

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This **satin** and **elastic belt** with its perfect fit and lightness provides the basis for to-day's fashions. **38/11**

OUR CORSETS NEED NO RECOMMENDATION FOR ELEGANCE AND WEARING QUALITIES

Send for our SPRING CATALOGUE

THANK OFFERINGS at EASTER

Four Charities Asking for, and Worthy of, Your Support

There are certain customs dating back to immemorial antiquity which, although pagan in origin, have been recognized by the practice of the last 1,500 years, as peculiarly Christian. One of these, and a very charming one, is the spontaneous gesture of generosity on any occasion of great rejoicing—Eastertide, in common with the other great festival of Christendom ; Christmas, is such an occasion and, despite the many appeals that are broadcast and of which even the most casual individual must be aware, there are four charities especially that merit support.

The N.S.P.C.C.

Society protects childhood in a thousand ways which were unknown to our forefathers, but there is still a vast amount of child suffering which Society cannot prevent altogether. Drink, ignorance, and depravity are still robbing thousands of little ones of the care-free days which should be theirs by right. And because these dark secrets still lie hidden under the surface of our social life a deep debt is owed to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, whose mission it is to bring these secrets to light and to restore to the little victims their freedom and happiness. One item in the Society's report throws a touching gleam of light upon the subject. "The N.S.P.C.C. has been the means of bringing about over 3,000 successful operations in orthopædy." In other words, it has straightened out the crooked limbs of over 3,000 children whom neglect or poverty had condemned to ugly and crippling deformity. Let it be stated once again that the N.S.P.C.C. only prosecutes as a last resource. Protection, not prosecution, is its mission. (Donations should be sent to Mr. William J. Elliott, Director, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.)

The Cancer Hospital

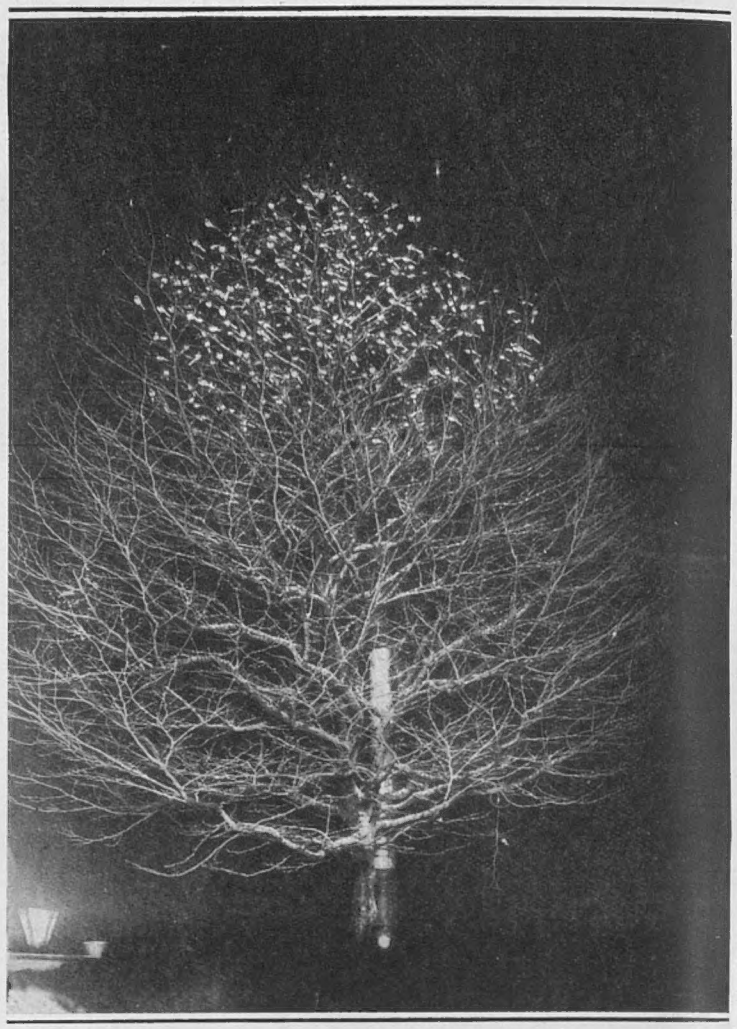
In pursuance of the progressive policy followed by the Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, in their efforts to do everything possible to improve methods of treatment and advance research, the committee have purchased the Gastro-Photor, the amazing new instrument for photographing the stomach, and its possibilities are being investigated. It is expected that this instrument will render possible a big advance in the early diagnosis of internal cancer, thus affording treatment every chance of curing the disease. The Gastro-Photor consists of a camera which can be swallowed. Attached to the camera is a powerful electric lamp connected with an ordinary lighting circuit. By a most ingeniously contrived transformer any current can be used—direct or alternating, from 100 to 250 volts. As soon as the camera is inside the stomach the film is exposed by pressing a button. Another button is then pressed and the lamp flashes a light of 1,200 candle power for 1/100th of a second. Finally, the first button is released to close the camera, which is then withdrawn from the stomach. The operation occupies no more than sixty seconds. Such research involves large expenditure, and donations will be gratefully received.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

A family, as every parent, human or animal knows, is a hungry unit. The birds are busy chattering over food to bring back to their young at this season, but some unfortunates have no parent to fend for them. Of such are the members of the largest family in the world—which numbers, at the moment, no fewer than 8,000. 110,000 children have already been rescued from destitution and the nameless horrors such conditions attract, and turned into sound, useful, and happy citizens. A donation sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund, 20, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1, is not only an act of charity but is a sound Imperial investment.

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

A special Easter appeal is made by The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2, for gifts to help in maintaining efficiently their various Homes and the Training Ship *Arethusa*. Trade depression has meant less donations and subscriptions. Will readers of THE SPHERE please send special Easter gifts to help to feed, clothe, and educate the 1,100 children under the Society's care.



REMARKABLE ROOSTING OF PIED WAGTAILS: This striking picture was taken by flashlight by Mr. W. M. Crook, F.Z.S., Member of the Selborne Society, etc., in one of the most frequented streets in Dublin. The roosting birds, of which there seem to be some hundreds, have been identified as pied wagtails in winter plumage by Mr. C. B. Moffat, a well-known Irish ornithologist, and by Professor Dixon, President of the Royal Zoological Society of Dublin. The birds are probably immigrants from Great Britain, seeking a warmer winter climate than they can find on this side of the water, except in the extreme south-west. This is the only recorded instance of pied wagtails roosting on a tree in a noisy thoroughfare, brilliantly illuminated, in a large city, within the knowledge of our correspondent, although Londoners are familiar with starlings and sparrows roosting thus in London, e.g. starlings close to Temple Underground Station

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

One of a Family of over 8,000.
24,000 meals have to be provided daily.

Please send

AN EASTER GIFT

to help the Homes to carry on their work among the Nation's orphan and destitute little ones.

110,000 children already admitted.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

Cheques, etc., payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1

DOES NOT THIS APPEAL OF THE CHILDREN TOUCH YOUR HEART?

1,100 young children, some fatherless, some motherless, some total orphans, but all taken from dire poverty, are now under the care of

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

(Founded 1843)

2s. 6d. will keep the Homes and Training Ship for one minute.
£7 10s. 0d. will keep the Homes and Training Ship for one hour.
Please send a gift to help the Society in this great work of caring for, and providing for, these young ones.

President - - H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.
Chairman and Treasurer - - - Francis H. Clayton, Esq.

All gifts will be gratefully received by the General Secretary, F. Brian Pelly, A.F.C., at the Society's Headquarters,

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

Somebody must care!

BRUTALLY assaulted, starved, neglected, SOMEBODY must save such little lives from ruin. It is to lessen their sufferings that

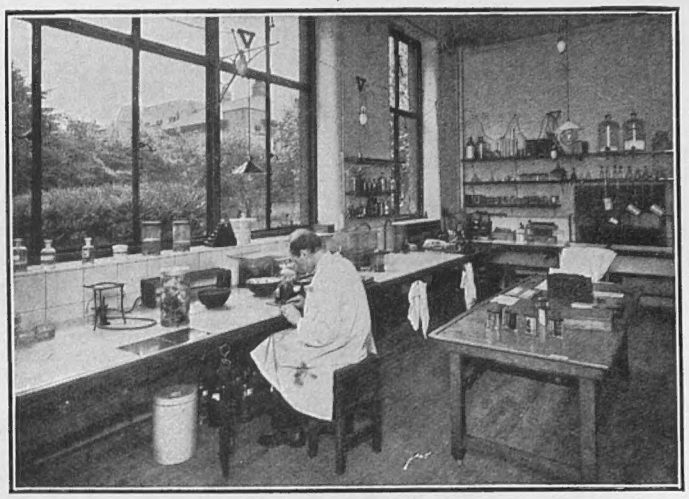
8598 defenceless little ones were helped last month by the Society.

THE N·S·P·C·C

makes a special plea. Throughout the country it is enlightening ignorance—restraining cruelty—preventing neglect.

Will YOU send an Easter Gift?

GIFTS will be gratefully received by William J. Elliott, Director, The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C. 2



Corner of one of the Laboratories in the Research Institute.

EVERYTHING POSSIBLE IS BEING DONE TO COMBAT CANCER

Please send an Easter gift towards the £150,000 urgently needed for the new Radiological block and other extensions now being erected.

The Cancer Hospital (Free) is the first special hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research. It is equipped with the most up-to-date appliances. Poor patients are admitted free.

Whilst carrying on the work of relieving suffering humanity the Cancer Hospital is applying itself to the methodical and scientific investigation into the causes of cancer, and the results of its invaluable Research work are placed at the disposal of the medical practitioners of the world.

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

Bankers: Coutts & Co., 440, Strand. Secretary: J. Courtney Buchanan, C.B.E.

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A practical hat that can be adapted to any desired shape and will roll for packing **29/6**
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—H. V. Morton, "In Search of England."

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If any difficulty in obtaining Courtaulds' dress and lingerie fabrics, please write for name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature to Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. F.2), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C. 1.

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly Volume CXXIV No. 1627 Price One Shilling, Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } London, March 28, 1931

FINGERS of FATE and FORTUNE

Mixing the Counterfoils in the Irish Sweep

This year will be known as the year in which Ireland first came into line with the Continental practice of State lotteries. Following the success of the sweepstake on the Manchester Handicap, one of immense proportions was organized for the Grand National. Prizes will, it is estimated, amount to half-a-million sterling. The utmost precaution was taken to ensure the fairness of the draw. Three hundred girls were employed to mix the 3,576,000 counterfoils. Despite precautionary measures by the postal authorities in this country, it is believed that 60 per cent. of the ticket holders reside in Great Britain! Various prosecutions and test cases have been held in connection with the sale of tickets over here, but there can be no doubt that in the present social condition of the country a bid for a quick turn of Fortune's wheel is very popular.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 25, 1931.

St. George's and the Dragons.—The tumult and the shouting dies. The captains and the kings depart for the next by-election scene. Mr. Cooper is handsomely in for St. George's, and his victory is hailed as a shrewd blow at Press domination and Press-lord dictation; the triumph of purity, decency, Mr. Baldwin, and so forth. In sober fact it was very much like any other by-election which enjoyed the Crusaders' intervention. There is nothing new in hard words given and taken at election time; a hundred years ago we should have heard harder words than "harlot" and "traitor" and "liar." Election time in England has always been a bank holiday for loose tongues. But in the old days hard words were lost in the air; to-day they are "taken down, altered, and used in evidence" next time. That is why I think it a pity that a big bug in politics like Mr. Baldwin has to employ them. And then, as to that shrewd blow struck at Press domination—did it, in fact, administer anything like a K.O.? I am afraid not. The old truth persists; the public has the Press it deserves. There is no country in the world that has so fine, so dignified, so cultured, so fair a Press as ours, and only one that can compete with us in the vulgarity, the cheapness, the nastiness, the unfairness of our sensational Press.

The Dragons Survive. — But the power is with the sensational section still. It remains with that section because the vast bulk of the public—including a big section of the "educated" upper and middle classes—really enjoy sensation and vulgarity and half-truth. The vast bulk of the public is humbly grateful for, and genuinely entertained by, the confessions of murderers, the fripperies of film stars, the follies of the idle rich, the slogans and headlines which office boys coin for the parrot-memories of their kind, that class of headline found written on the wall of public conveniences, the only writing on the wall which the British public takes seriously. The power of the sensational Press will remain so long as a majority of the British public shows its appreciation of what titled gossip writers can afford and gives practical demonstrations of its partiality for "half-men and their dirty songs and dreary," their half-truths and 100 per cent. lies, their ignorance, injustice, tastelessness, and cynicism. We have, as a result of the by-election, gained the tangible asset of Mr. Duff Cooper in Parliament again, and we must be content with that. Of all the hard words said on either side none will be forgotten; all will serve their turn again.

The Parable of the Cake.—While the eyes of the fashionable world have been centred on St. George's in the belief that Mr. Duff Cooper was there deciding the ultimate future of the Empire, the miners and railwaymen were concentrating on a still narrower field of vision. If it were possible to make people good, to make them happy by Act of Parliament, the worst Government in history would have done it long ago. But it is not even possible to make people rich by Act of Parliament, and to ask the present Government to attempt it is waste of breath. Two months ago we definitely congratulated ourselves that the nursery object lesson about the impossibility of eating your cake and having it, had sunk in. Vain hope. A unanimous resolution of the Miners' Federation was carried last week demanding the revision of the Minimum Wage Act of 1912. The coal industry is in a parlous state, nothing but sacrifice on all sides can keep the breath in its body. On its survival depends all the hopes of the railwaymen. And here are two of the most important groups of workers asking to be assured an easy and certain independence from the resources of these moribund industries by means of "a short Act of Parliament." Yet why should we feel surprise? In our darkest financial crisis not one statesman has yet seen the urgency of dropping every other political or party aim to concentrate on economy and to preach it day in and day out till ultimately the least educated among the workers may get a glimmer of the truth and of the instant need of common sacrifices.

What Would Gladstone Have Done . . .?—A good old Whig-turned-Liberal, whose political memories are of the great days of Dizzy and the G.O.M., who has for some time hitched his wagon to the Conservatives owing to the extinction of his particular star, complains to me that he subscribed handsomely to the appeal for funds for a great Economy Campaign, and looks in vain for any evidence that his money has been well spent. Just think, says he, what the G.O.M. would have made of the present political situation! A discredited Government, rent by internal dissension, the country brought to the verge of bankruptcy by haphazard and insane squandermania, and (God-sent occasion for a great statesman in opposition) a section of the nation alive to and genuinely disturbed by the economic chaos so brought about. Imagine how old Gladstone would have seized the times by the forelock and harnessed them. See the old eagle soaring in the sky, riding the whirlwind of retrenchment and directing the storm of economy. (I take credit to myself for some of these similes. Any one of them would have made a starving Addison famous in happier days.) But from the ranks of the Opposition there is not one found with a small part of his horse sense, his fire, his pluck, his energy, to ride that whirlwind—

"Of those three hundred, grant one man
To make a new Midlothian."

Perhaps at long last Mr. Baldwin is waking to the truth, and will concentrate on economy and sacrifice in his new campaign.

Liberalism in the Pot.—Sir Archibald Sinclair last week tendered his resignation as Chief Whip of the Party as the logical result of a breach in the conditions he himself laid down as the price of his services, which conditions Mr. Lloyd George approved. He argued that the Liberal Party was committed (as far back as 1912) to the smashing of University representation, and the fact that a substantial section of his party voted against a party decision to stand by the Government on that Clause in the Bill, left him no alternative. Before his decision was reluctantly accepted, Mr. George intervened with the suggestion that the whole fate and future of Liberalism should be thrown into the pot and left to simmer for a week. This week therefore is expected by some Liberals to be memorable for the rebirth of a robuster, well-knit Liberalism. But not all the party is so optimistic. Liberalism cannot make itself robust by a short operation, so deplorably run down as it now is. It is like the clinging ivy, it must fall and be trampled on without the support of an alien tree-trunk, and Mr. Lloyd George's policy has been to safeguard its tenancy of the tree-trunk and to secure an extension, if possible. But Sir John Simon, a staunch and important Liberal of a finer Liberal tradition, does not hold with clinging and propping. And many, if not "all the wise, Simonise." They would not be attracted back to the fold by whispers of further secret constituency arrangements agreed with Labour. A United Liberal Party will not emerge from the pot this week or next, nor I think as long as Mr. George is its nominal head.

Another Committee. — There are some strong men on the new Economy Committee which Nebuchadnezzar the King has set up. And these strong men are invited, even encouraged, to "make recommendations to the Chancellor for effecting immediately all possible reductions of expenditure on Supply Services." The Geddes axe also was laid to the root of this particular tree and lies there still, red with rust from the drippings of its still luxuriant branches. Both Sir Eric and Sir George cried out that they "can call spirits from the vasty deep." Sir Eric was believed. But Sir George is heckled by a still, small voice which asks: "But will they come, when you do call for them?" You may recommend economies but *will they come?* Of the difficulties in the way of effecting economies in the fighting and civil services, we have had constant proof under four Administrations. The answer to any humblest suggestion is always the same, the answer of that noble, retrenchment-seeking Duke: "Dash it all! a fellow must have a biscuit." I begin to believe there's something in it, that we ought to accept as a root-and-branch cut the saving of £50,000 by a department which spends as many millions. And if so, this new Committee, like so many of its predecessors, is only an unnecessary waste of time and money, another sop to Cerberus.

The Drafting of Bills.—One thing which has struck me during the present Administration is the deterioration in the drafting of Bills. One cannot but be painfully aware of the lack of due care, reasonable forethought, and exact phraseology in the framing of Government Bills. This is a highly skilled trade, and it is unfair to the reputations of many highly skilled craftsmen if the responsible Ministers allot all too little time to thinking out the sense and limits of the conditions they wish to be embodied. An utterly unnecessary amount of time has been wasted in the past few months—the time of Parliament and the time of officials—by slap-dash methods on the part of Ministers responsible. More than one important Bill has included ill-advised and little considered clauses which careful consideration and a little more knowledge of public opinion, a measure of statesmanship, would have excluded as dangerous to the Bill as a whole. The Government and one or two of its principal measures have been sacrificed to this hasty, slipshod, portmanteau policy. The idea seems to be to shove into the pot everything that's handy in the hope of snatching at least one solid morsel out. It is a policy which can never succeed.

THE VICTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S: Mr. Duff Cooper, with Lady Diana Duff Cooper, his most successful and enthusiastic canvasser, after his victorious fight against the Independent Conservative, Sir Ernest Petter. Though Labour did not contest the constituency, the election fight was a stern one. The daily newspapers of London devoted pages to the controversy which embraced the heads of Mr. Baldwin's leadership, India, Press Dictatorship, and a mass of personalities about the Conservative leader, and Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere

An Elusive Aunt Sally. — Lord Radnor made a fine impression in his maiden speech in the House of Lords. His philippic against the B.B.C. does not appear to have entirely maintained that high standard. With so many rotten institutions in our midst, I should have felt that the B.B.C. was safe from criticism for years to come. It has its faults, heaven knows, but it has its difficulties also. Its patrons are drawn from every class and shade of opinion in the country, so that every meal it serves must be poison to a section of its patrons. It speaks well for "the engineer, the chicken farmer and the admiral" that they have nursed so vulnerable an infant into a national institution of vast popularity, a source even of national pride. If political propaganda creeps in, it is due more to the speaker than to the organizers. You cannot legislate in advance against a tone of voice, an inflection, an innuendo. I have not forgotten Mr. Baldwin's Unemployment talk. If Socialism was gaining the upper hand, Mr. Baldwin that day managed to adjust the balance. There are many subjects to be tackled and attacked before the policy and organization of the B.B.C., that elusive cuckoo, that wandering voice. Lord Radnor is well fitted to fly at higher game.

The Oxford Manner. — Certainly Lord Radnor's reference to the dangerous qualities of Mr. Harold Nicholson's weekly talks shook Mr. Nicholson's nerve. He was less dangerous than usual last week when he described at some length how he weighed himself in an unhappy millionaire's bathroom. Those 14,000,000 listeners, whose souls are being slowly poisoned by the insidious drugs of communistic propaganda, waited in vain for their weekly pinch of "snow." To me there is something very intriguing in this unique effort to veneer the rough exterior of the masses with the Oxford manner. I like Mr. Nicholson at his best, I jump beside him fence by fence. Et Ego in Arcadia. I was at Oxford with him. But at every fence he takes in his stride, he leaves at least 1,000,000 of his listeners struggling in the ditch. Last Friday he left 13,500,000 listeners scratching their heads over that millionaire. Why should the fact of Mr. Nicholson's half-hour effort to weigh himself in a bathroom prove the misery of that rich man's soul? Culture knows the answer, and the 13,500,000 must therefore conceal their ignorance. Mr. Nicholson stands for culture, one of those blessings which Radio has brought to the doors of cottagers. But the Oxford manner, for all its obscurity, is not dangerous.

The Express Disaster.—If I were to choose from the whole length of permanent way in the Empire one section which seems to idealize smoothness and safety of rail travel, I should choose that which was the scene of the Scots Express disaster on Sunday last. It was a fine Sunday morning, everything was favourable for a punctual run. The passengers were thinking of luncheon. And then, crash! The huge engine and cars were spread-eagled exactly like a toy train and apparently from exactly the same cause, at a system of points. Doubtless we shall learn more accurate details. Technical experience is now so vast and so well tabulated that risk of accident has been reduced to a minimum. But no provision, no experience, can altogether prevent an accident of this type. Rail travel is so safe and, like everything else we do in life, waking or sleeping, so risky.

The Christie Will.—I am bound to admit a feeling of relief at the verdict in this case. In theory no one likes those last-minute "cutting-out" wills. Both before and after the testator's death, Lady Rosamond must have suffered about as deeply as an educated woman can suffer, and it is a relief to the public, if not to her, to know that whatever may remain of the £300,000, when all the legal costs of this interminable and wretched trial are settled, will be fitly disposed of.

THE OLD STAGER.

PEOPLE *in the* PUBLIC EYE

An Illustrated "Who's Who" in the Week's News

THE REHEARSAL FOR THE IRISH SWEEPSTAKE DRAW: Last Tuesday 464 counterfoils representing over £1,000,000 were drawn from a 3-ton drum by Irish nurses, one of whom is seen above rehearsing at one of the portholes of the drum

EMULATING SIR FRANCIS DRAKE: Mlle. Sacy von Blondel, a rich Hungarian, who proposes to set sail next month round the world in a large and luxurious motor yacht purchased privately some months ago from a well-known American newspaper magnate

A HOSTESS TO 3,000: Mme. Louise Eigner, the distinguished French philanthropist, who has invited 3,000 war-widows to dine with her on Easter Sunday

A ROYAL ROMANCE: The betrothal of Prince Lennart of Sweden to Mlle. Karin Nissvandt, who is not of the blood royal, has created a major sensation in Court circles in Stockholm. Prince Lennart, who is seen above with his beautiful fiancée, has designed some of the lovely silverware on view at the Swedish Handicraft Exhibition in London

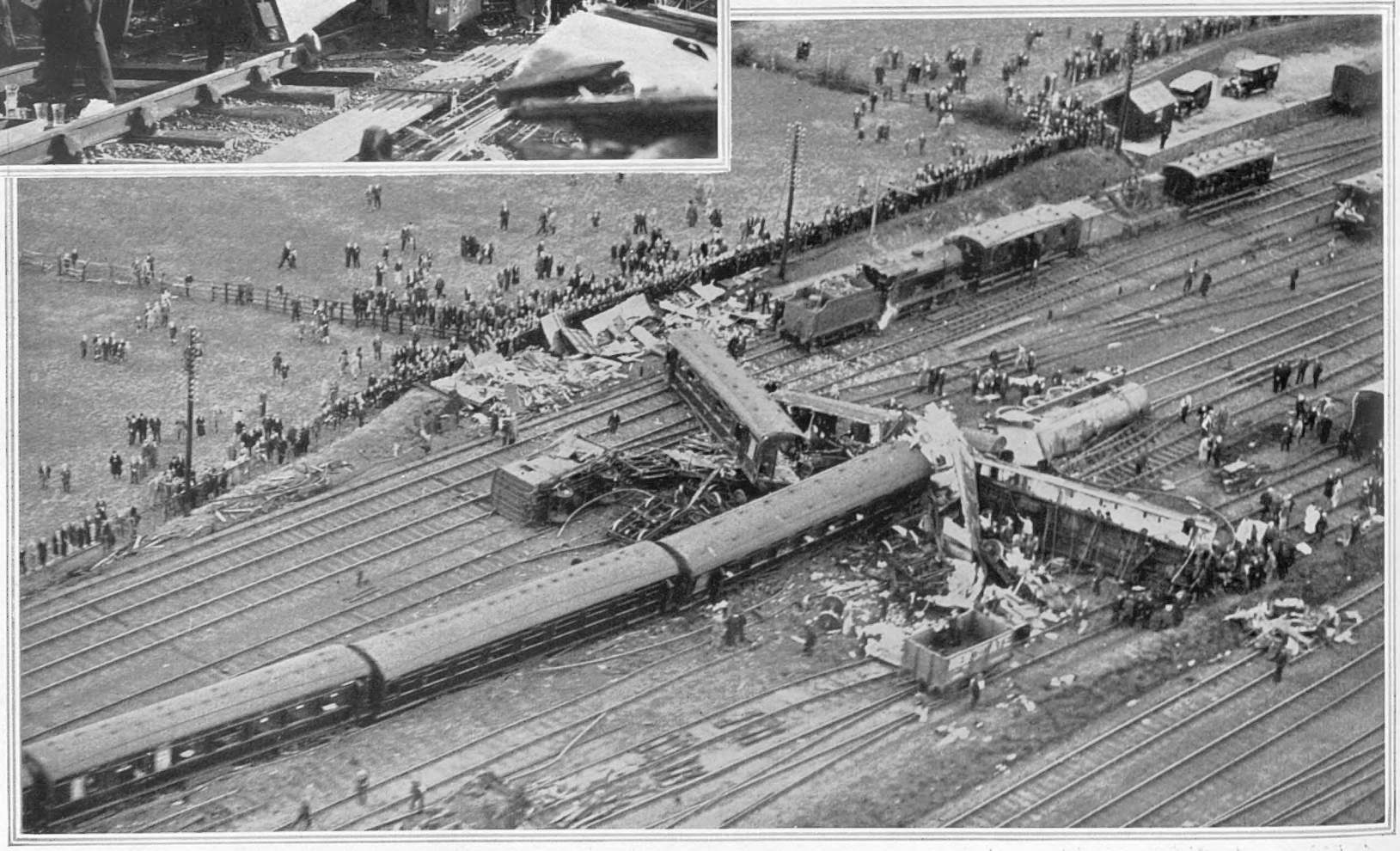
THE GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND: Mr. Montagu Norman caught by the camera at Southampton en route to New York where, it is reported in financial circles, he is to consult with the U.S. Federal Reserve Authorities to endeavour to work out various co-operative measures with a view to limiting the exodus of gold from England

AFTERMATH of TRAGEDY

Scenes at Leighton Buzzard, where the Royal Scot Express Left the Rails after Fouling Points

TWISTED METAL: A typical scene of the damage done when the Royal Scot left the rails at Leighton Buzzard. Although the lines were twisted like wire, much of the glass miraculously failed to break

THE ENGINE: A view of the cab and boiler, both of which were ripped and twisted almost out of all recognition. Both the engine-driver and the fireman were instantly killed. The hole in the side of the boiler (seen on the right) is where a torn-up rail pierced the side of the locomotive



AN OVERHEAD VIEW which shows the extraordinarily widespread nature of the disaster. The locomotive is seen lying on its side, several coaches are telescoped to matchwood, while three have been flung at right-angles to the lines. *Inset above on left:* THE POLICE TAKE CHARGE of the luggage in the ill-fated train. Three passengers, Sir E. George Saltmarsh, Miss Dorothy Lang, Mr. Henry Marcus Naftalin, and three employees of the railway, Messrs. Thomas Henry Hudson, the driver; Sidney Walter Rogers, the fireman; and J. Taylor, a dining-car cook perished in the crash

The ROYAL SCOT Derailed at LEIGHTON BUZZARD

TRAGEDY on the LINE

An Aerial View of the Rescue Work in Progress

One of the greatest of railway disasters occurred last Sunday when the Royal Scot, the great L.M.S. Express, from Euston to Glasgow, was derailed a couple of hundred yards outside Leighton Buzzard Station. Six fatal casualties have so far occurred, notable among which was Sir E. George Saltmarsh of St. Albans. The driver and the fireman were among the dead. The cause of the disaster is as yet unfathomed. One theory is that the communication cord was pulled, thereby setting in action the automatic brakes which are not operated from the cab of the locomotive: this theory supposes that the brakes were applied as the train was travelling over points and the pressure was applied too quickly. Another theory is that the engine jumped or fouled the points of its own accord. The train was diverted to a branch line owing to the fact that repairs were in progress on the main line. The locomotive was flung on its side and many coaches telescoped.

UNSUNG HEROES of the SCREEN

The Astonishing Ordeals Endured by Those Who "Double" for Famous Stars

By A HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT

When something very brave, reckless or thrilling is done on the screen, who does it? The star, of course. Why ask foolish questions? But often in the space behind the silver sheet there are valiant souls, unsung heroes, whose deeds are as gallant as any ever performed before a camera.

Not so long ago an ambitious scenarist created a scene in which a maniac sets fire to a lighthouse, entrapping two lovers in a tower. The two in the tower were directed by the script to remain shuddering in the window until the flames were almost upon them and then to make spectacular leaps into the sea. It sounded great on paper. "We can use dummies for the leap," the company decided, thus obviating the necessity for a search for a lighthouse situated by a nice, sand-bottomed sea. Lagund, it was arranged, offered the most pictorial setting, with its huge black rocks jutting up from the churning sea.

The early scenes were made. The two young people who played the lovers duly cowered and prayed and called for help from the tower windows. The dummies were thrown, as a test, before the fire was lighted. And it was to be clearly seen that they were dummies, and not two terrified lovers.

What to do?

The two in the tower could not be permitted to leap, lest they crack their valuable heads or limbs and thus spoil the picture. A brief consultation resulted in a hurry call to the home casting office for two extras, one small and one large, who knew how to dive and swim and who were willing to do both for twenty-five dollars. A tall, thin chap and a small, short one duly arrived. The assistant director explained the scene, which could not be made until night, dwelling on precautions to be taken and the signals to be observed. They were shown the lighthouse and the position of the rocks at its base and permitted to estimate the height of the tide

That night, after the two had taken up their places at the tower window—the little fellow in the girl's dress—a storm came on and the waves dashed giant whitecaps over the jagged rocks.

"Great! Great!" cried the director. "Come on! Step on it! Camera!"

The maniac set a match in his prepared bonfire and the flames sprang up, following the indicated trail arranged by experts. But the experts had not reckoned with the storm. One element rushed to the other and presently the roaring flames were beyond control. To the tall one and the short one, standing in the tower, it looked as though the sea itself was on fire. No swimmer, viewing the surge of those mighty waves and the pounding against the terrible rocks, could hope to live in it even if he escaped the fire. They dared not jump. To the company standing on shore they seemed doomed. "Jump! jump!" cried some voices, aghast at the flames. "No! no!" urged others aghast at the storm. The two victims couldn't hear, but when the menace of the fire made action imperative, they made a pitiful dash down the circular stairway into the holocaust below.

"They're done for!" breathed the onlookers.

But the lighthouse door opened and the tall, thin one emerged to fall almost fainting into a small boat that had stood by in the hope of rescue.

"Where's Shorty?" he asked presently, when he could control his trembling lips.

"Didn't get through."

"For cryin' out loud!" gasped the tall one. He sprang from the boat, dashed back into the burning building and came out at last carrying the little fellow, whose girl's gown hung in smouldering shreds.

Fifty dollars was the price set on her life by one slim little extra girl. Sam Goldwyn, producer, was giving a breakfast for the Press in honour of his loveliest star, inviting us before that breakfast to witness one of the new picture's biggest thrills. An ascension in an enormous balloon was to be made, the girl making the ascension "bailing out" at a certain height and coming down via parachute. The Press gathered on the grounds of an elaborate circus set outside the studio, where extras in garish costumes thronged the gay tents. The big balloon strained at its guy ropes in the centre of it all. Vilma Banky, in the scarlet satin of her acrobat's dress, finished the brief sequence that led to the balloon's ascent.

"Where's the parachute jumper?" began to be asked over and over.

Presently it developed that the trained parachute jumper had met with an accident on her way to the set. "After all, if you know how, there's no trick in it," argued the director, and sent his aide scurrying through the extra ranks to find some one who had used a 'chute. A girl came forward. She said she had been in a circus. She had often leaped from 'planes. No, not from balloons, but, of course, she could do that, too, if they'd just explain. She'd do it for fifty dollars.

She was hurried into a scarlet costume and into a blond wig duplicating the star's soft locks, made up and rushed to the balloon, whose husky guardians explained how to pull the rope that collapsed the huge gas bag, how to cut loose, how to open the 'chute.

"Remember to pull on the cords of your 'chute in the exact opposite position from the way you want to go."

"Yes, I know, I know," she repeated.

With astonishing calm she stepped into the basket that hung below the balloon and stood clinging to the side while the guy ropes were loosened. The thing went blundering up like a mammoth elephant suddenly air-minded, when a newspaper man touched my elbow.

"What do you know?" he observed in a curiously flat voice. "That kid up there never saw a parachute in her life. She's taking a chance for fifty dollars. Her baby's in the hospital."

We watched in horror. Up in the blue, where even the air-minded elephant looked midget-sized, a scarlet atom made an invisible gesture. The balloon crumpled up like so much grey paper and blew away in a cloud. Something that looked like a bright pencil dropped through space for what seemed a long time. The crowd below stood in dead, terrified immobility until the parachute opened flower-like, when everybody sighed with a relief that turned to renewed alarm as the flower with its scarlet centre floated dangerously near live electric wires.

"She's lost her head! She's pulling the wrong way! She'll never come down alive!" we groaned.

But she did, landing beautifully right before the cameras, where she remembered to pause and bow before she fainted.

Bob Perry, an extra, stood on a balcony above a swimming-pool, depicting a guest at a country club dance for one of Colleen Moore's flapper films. He was wearing evening clothes and his part of the affair was "atmosphere." Action centred in the pool where Colleen was doing a drowning scene. "Great acting! Great acting, Colleen!" applauded her director, who saw the little bubbles come frothing upon the pool.

But Bob, from above, saw that it wasn't acting at all. Water was running down the star's throat and her wide eyes were staring. He leaped, feet first, evening clothes, top hat, and all from the balcony into the pool, went straight to the bottom, where he executed a kick that sent him flying upward. On the way he grabbed Colleen and threw her to the bank.

"Man, you're crazy!" shouted the crew, and would have mobbed him, but when they saw that Colleen was unconscious they applauded instead

It is possible, however, for an extra to be too heroic.

In one picture the script required horses and wagons to cross a treacherous stream. Cowboys were stationed at points out of camera range to rescue any who might not make headway against the torrent. As these rescuers were men who knew their business no casualties were reported.

Among the cowboys who joined the movies in Oregon for this sequence was a chap dressed in an outfit rivalling Tom Mix's; silver-mounted saddle, silver-mounted bridle, even silver-mounted guns—a real Hollywood westerner! The director permitted him to cross the river with the actors, but after he had crossed he sat his horse behind the cameras and looked on. John Wayne, the leading man, and his companion had been directed to cross at a particularly dangerous point and were having trouble climbing the bank. It was trouble necessary to the picture, and director Walsh was congratulating himself that the effect would be realistic, when suddenly with a great crash of hoofs the silver-mounted cowboy thundered down in front of the camera, grasped the lead horse and yanked the actors up the bank, where he sat smiling and panting, waiting to be congratulated.

"You spoiled the scene!" roared the director, and the would-be hero was dismissed from the location.

Sue Carol's director determined to take no chances when he shot a scene in which Sue and Barry Norton must drive over a cliff into the sea. He provided a cool-headed stunt man to stand by as lifeguard. Sue and Barry understood exactly what to do, but when they hit the water they both became panicky. They caught at each other and sank. Carveth, the stunt man, leaped in with a lifebuoy, seized Sue and pushed the buoy at Barry. But Barry was beyond recognizing it; he clung to Sue's neck, apparently determined to drown her, and it was a minute before Carveth could separate them and convince the boy that the buoy was safe.

In a recent picture the script required the burning of a four-storey building. The set had cost thousands of dollars, and in order to make the fire more spectacular additional thousands had been spent on special machinery that would crumble the walls in a realistic manner. Naturally, there could be no retakes, so the cast, including many extras, was rehearsed again and again, and it was three o'clock in the morning before "Camera!" was called.

Smoke began to curl from the floors. Two extra girls, peering from their station on the top floor, saw their signal and climbed out on the roof. The flames were licking around the edges, as they had expected to do, and the girls ran for the flagpole down which they had been told to slide. Heavens! Instead of a clear space below, a fire-pan blazed merrily. Did they lose their heads and spoil the picture? No; they fought their way through the smoke back from the camera's range until they could hang over the farther side of the building and shriek for aid. They were rescued by firemen just before the walls gave way. Contrary to the usual experiences of the unsung hero, these young heroines were rewarded with double pay as well as praise.

The quick wit of Walter Hoffman, in charge of dynamite in a war picture, saved the lives of three screen soldiers during a hard-fought battle. Dynamite had been buried at strategic points over the field. The expert at his switch on the sidelines set the charges off at intervals carefully timed. Soldiers had been warned not to fall where the blasts would occur; but in the excitement and confusion of rushing soldiers, explosions, the rat-tat-tat of machine-gun fire, it was difficult to remember directions. Three of the youngsters making the dash fell down on one of the most heavily loaded charges.

Something seemed to say to the expert, "Look," just as he was about to throw that switch—which is the reason there are not three graves credited to fighting the War again.

In this same film two extras, nicknamed Damon and Pythias because of their fondness for each other, were special favourites of Mr. Hoffman.

One night, during a battle "take," Damon had been instructed to run on one side of a dynamite pit as Pythias ran on the other, passing it just before it exploded. Damon did as directed, but presently realized that Pythias was not beside him. He couldn't go on without his friend. Doubling back, he crouched and searched. After what seemed an eternity, but could have only been a few seconds, he found Pythias face down in the pit. He had stumbled over a barbed wire and fallen so violently that he had been knocked unconscious.

Damon yanked him out of the pit, and flung himself down at his side just as the explosion rocked the earth around them. Both were comparatively unhurt when dug out from the earth. Sing a song for unsung heroes. There are lots of them in the limbo behind the screen!

A SCENE FROM NOAH'S ARK, *one of the most colossal spectacles ever screened. It is in such productions as this that "doubles" are employed to save the stars from possible accidents*

A CHANGE OVER IN "HORSE-POWER": The scene at the Duke of York's headquarters (the H.Q. of the Territorial Forces Association, King's Road, Chelsea) when the change over from horses to motor-power was effected. The metamorphosis, a detail of which is seen above, represents 300 horses which are now replaced by fifteen [private cars and nine six-wheelers. *Above*—THE OPENING OF THE FLAT RACING SEASON: A picturesque camera study on Newmarket Heath, a couple of days before the Lincolnshire Handicap inaugurated the flat racing season on Wednesday

HORSES REPLACED *and* HORSES UNREPLACEABLE

The ROUND of the DAY

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG GIRL'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF——ART!": Students of the Westminster Art School delineate the spirit of Spring in St. James's Park, a favourite resort at the vernal season

ROYALTY AND THE GIRL GUIDES: The Queen with Princess Mary, the Chief Guide, and the Manageress of the restaurant, at the opening of the new Headquarters in the Buckingham Palace Road, which Her Majesty opened

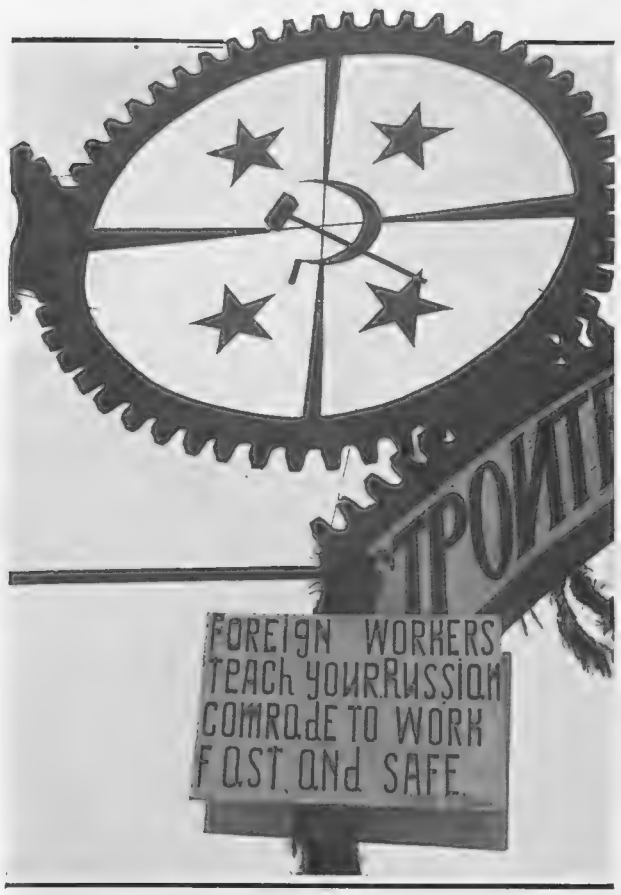
"INTO THE OCEAN'S ARMS": *The Monarch of Bermuda*, the new 20,000-ton liner for the New York—Bermuda service, launched from Messrs. Vickers' Yard at Walker-on-Tyne

THE LIGHT BLUE VICTORY: Cambridge leading at Barnes Bridge in the eighth consecutive victory they have registered. They won by 2½ lengths—due in large measure to their stroke

BOLSHEVISM IN ACTION: THE 5 YEAR PLAN

Will It Succeed?

A Pertinent Question — by J. BAKER WHITE



PROPAGANDA GONE MAD: A placard on the territory of the Nizhny-Novgorod car plant which, it is calculated, will produce 140,000 motors annually. It is to be inaugurated in August of this year

In Russia to-day there are two main issues — the completion of the Five Year Plan in four years, and the creation of the most gigantic fighting force in the world. Everything and everybody in the Soviet State are subordinated to the attainment of these ends.

The Piatiletka, "The Five Year Plan of Economic Development of the U.S.S.R.," is the most amazing experiment in practical Socialism the world has ever known. Its aim is nothing less than the industrialization of a vast country, previously non-industrial in the Western European sense, and the reconstruction of an age-old, hide-bound agricultural system on Socialist lines, *the whole programme to be completed between October 1, 1928, and October 1, 1932!* When the Plan was launched many leading economists dismissed it as something fantastically impossible of achievement, as just one more scheme to stave off the inevitable economic crash. The Plan is now in its third year, and it has not failed yet. It may fail in this, the most critical year, or it may be brought to successful completion. Not even the Soviet economic experts are sure what is going to happen; but whether it ends in failure or success—even partial—it is worthy of close and continual study by the rest of the world. Particularly so by the industrialists, business men and financiers in this country, for the Soviet leaders are the sworn enemies of Britain, and to them the Five Year Plan is a gigantic weapon for the economic war.

The industrial section of the Five Year Plan aims first at the speedy development of the heavy industries, thus ensuring the expansion of all other branches of industry. It also aims at the creation of a nation-wide scheme for the supply of electric power and light. The Soviet State Planning Commission, the authors of the Plan, laid down that in the period 1928–33, now become 1928–32, the production of all industry should be increased by 181 per cent., that of heavy industry 255 per cent., and of light industry 144 per cent. Agricultural production was to be increased by 151 per cent., and the national income by 101 per cent. Fantastic as these figures may seem, the Soviet leaders claim, with some justification, that the "control figures" for the first year were surpassed!

The first year of the Plan, which ended on September 30, 1929, was hailed as a triumph for Socialism. The general increase in production was declared to be 23·4 per cent., 2 per cent. above that laid down in the Plan. Nearly one hundred new factories started production, their output being valued at 168 million roubles. There was generally an all-round increase in the level of industrial production over 1913—in the cases of electrical power, internal combustion engines, agricultural machinery, and superphosphates enormous increases—but the production of iron ore, pig iron, and grain lagged behind. From these facts it would appear that the first year of the Plan really was a triumph, but there is another side of the question. As industrial output increased so did it deteriorate in quality. Textile and leather and rubber products were faulty. In some boot factories one in four of the boots was defective. Agricultural machines often arrived on the farms incomplete. Many railway accidents resulted from faulty rails. The Soviet leaders had to pay the price of overdriven workers, many only half-trained, working with materials of inferior quality. Costs of production were also excessively high, and millions of roubles were wasted on unnecessary expenditure. These faults had their effect on the second year of the Plan, for in no respect was the anticipated progress realized.

They persist in the present, and decisive, year of the Plan, and every effort is being made to remedy them. Foreign specialists are being imported literally by the thousand to instruct the Russian factories. There are 12,000 German specialists and 5,000 Americans in Russia, with 5,000 more Americans due to arrive this spring. It is ironical that with Americans supervizing the Soviet coal, oil, and cotton industries, the United States should be feeling quite severely the competition of the products of these industries. The Russian railways are at present frightfully congested, due to the shortage of trained personnel, and a special "mobilization of labour" is being conducted to deal with the situation. This year spells failure or success for the Plan. *If it is successful the growth of production in 1930–31 will be equal to the whole of the annual output of Russia before the War. But failure may mean war.*

One extraordinary feature of the Plan is the financing of it. The cost of the whole Plan was fixed at 66,427 million roubles or approximately £6,642,700,000, to be raised from the profits of State enterprises, State loans, and taxation. Of this sum 23,200 million roubles was allocated to agriculture, 16,400 million to industry, 10,000 million to transport, and 3,800 million to electrification, with smaller sums for housing, trade, health, forestry, and administration. To raise this money great sacrifices are demanded of the Russian people, for in the 1931 Budget, providing for an expenditure of 29,600 million roubles, 17,000 million are to go to industry, transport, and agriculture, leaving only 12,600 million for all other national needs. This follows upon an increase in taxation of 38 per cent. in 1929–30, in a State where the whole burden of taxation falls on the workers, where wages are low and all prices terribly high. But the money must be found, and the Russian people are being reduced to a bare level of existence in the process, being told that no sacrifice is too great to make the Plan a success. But what if the Plan fails?

The agricultural side of the Five Year Plan has achieved what seemed impossible. In 1928 there was a grain shortage, and the Soviet commenced to "collectivize" agriculture. The kulaks or richer peasants were suppressed ruthlessly; State farms were started and peasant holdings were brought into the collective farms. A gigantic mechanization of agriculture began. By 1930, 100 million acres, or nearly one-third of the cultivated area of Russia, had been brought into the State or collective farms and over one-third of this area was ploughed by tractor power. These farms were set the task of producing 100 million poods of grain. It is estimated that this year they will produce 200 million poods. The Soviet has allocated £400 million to agriculture for 1930–31, for every grain of wheat surplus to the requirements of the nation is added strength to the weapon of the economic war. Britain and Europe had some experience of Soviet wheat dumping last year. If this year's harvest is a success the markets of the world will be flooded with Russian wheat at "cut" prices, and another blow will have been struck at Capitalism.

As may be expected, the Five Year Plan involves conditions for the workers that would be impossible without a merciless dictatorship. Official Soviet statistics and reports show quite clearly that the level of general wages is low, that the cost of living is enormously high, that many of the necessities of life are rationed, that taxation is heavy and increasing, that long hours are worked often under bad conditions, that living conditions are generally bad, and that the Russian workers are driven to the very limit of their capacity. Further, the new Labour Code has placed them under an iron discipline. There is no unemployment benefit. Men and women must accept the tasks allocated to them without question. A skilled worker can be transferred to the other end of Russia at a moment's notice. Refusal means the brand of a "deserter," as does misconduct. Deserters are disqualified from employment and left without dole or ration cards, or they are enrolled in gangs for "mass physical work." The Bolshevik slogan for world revolution is "Workers of the world, unite. You have only your chains to lose." Yet the provisions of the Soviet Labour Code bind the workers as no workers have been bound since the days of slavery.

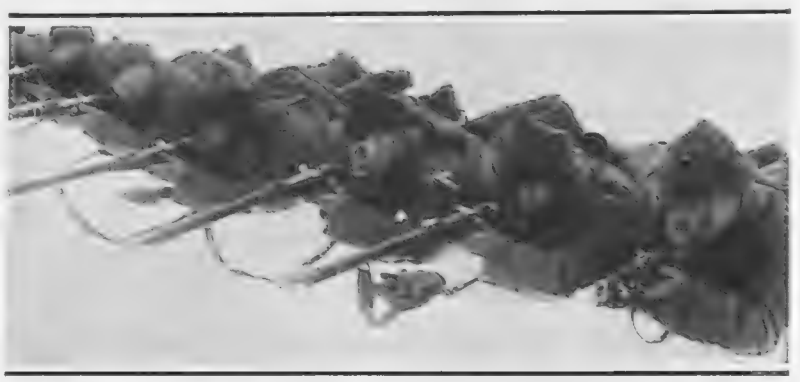
Side by side with the Five Year Plan the reconstruction of the Red armed forces and the militarization of the whole nation are proceeding apace. The policy of the Soviet leaders can be summed up in their own words: "War is unavoidable between growing Communism and decaying Capitalism." Consequently the Red Army, which has a paper strength of 600,000 effectives, is being supplemented by a great militia force. Full mobilization force would provide nearly 12,000,000 souls with military training. In addition, the Osoaviakhim, the Air and Chemical Defence Society, is ever active, raising funds for tanks and aeroplanes, and giving military instruction to factory workers of both sexes. In 1928 the society's strength was 4,000,000; at the completion of the Five Year Plan it is to be 17,000,000.

The militarization of the Russian people is being carried out with just as much drive and energy as the Five Year Plan. They have a very real fear of attack, because the Soviet propagandists have deliberately engendered this fear. The Red Army, which is well clothed, well disciplined and efficient, is continually being strengthened in its technical units. New tanks and armoured fighting vehicles are being purchased from Britain and France; new chemical warfare instruction stations opened; new aeroplanes and aerodromes constructed. The Plan provides for the construction of 370,000 farm-tractors and 210,000 motor-lorries. They are mainly convertible to military purposes, and the Red soldiers are trained in their use. The civilian population is brought into contact with the Red Army whenever possible, taking part in its parades and manœuvres. Russia to-day is a nation in arms.

The Five Year Plan has important strategic features, particularly in regard to roads, railways, and chemicals. In the Urals a new Red Army base is springing up side by side with the factories of the Five Year Plan. Tashkent, the Red Army base in Asiatic Russia and the seat of the School of Oriental Revolution, which is as near to Peshawar as is Delhi, is the centre of a new scheme of industrialization. New strategic roads and railways, one of them to Termez on the Afghan frontier, are being built, and the Soviet Asiatic air services strengthened. The Turksib railway has a definite strategic value, as has the oil pipe line from the cavalry base at Samara to the Caspian.

Soviet experts make no secret of the real purpose of the Five Year Plan. They admit that the Communist International has failed to bring about the world revolution. They admit that the successful completion of the Five Year Plan, besides being a triumph for Socialism that would have a moral effect on the whole world, would provide them with a tremendous weapon for the economic war on Capitalism. If questioned about the possible results of the failure of the Plan and the increases in the Red armed forces, they either change the subject or embark upon a fervent denunciation of Britain for organizing a *bloc* of the European States for armed attack on the Soviet State.

So the terrific drive goes on, two slogans resounding above the roar of the machines — "Complete the Five Year Plan in Four Years." "War is unavoidable between growing Communism and decaying Capitalism."



"THE RED ARMY IS WELL CLOTHED AND EFFICIENT": Soviet army target practice in gas masks

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

TAKING THE OATH: The scene in the Legislative Council Chamber when Sir Isaac Isaacs took the oath of allegiance and office as Governor-General of Australia. Mr. Justice Duffy, in wig and gown, administered the oath

THE ENFANT TERRIBLE.—Australia is at present the "difficult child of the Empire." In some quarters looked upon as "wayward," in others as "extravagant" and as having eaten up its substance without regard to the future; nervous and touchy as people in trouble are likely to be, smarting under what it considers reproof from London, resentful of criticism, and not inclined to ask advice from home. Mother Britannia in the guise of Mr. MacDonald does not know whether to administer chastisement behind the scenes, to be reproachful, or to try to be really helpful and kill the fatted calf.

Australia has tried an experiment. It has been run by Labour for Labour—a difficult policy under our capitalistic system where financial lines run together in London, New York, Paris, Amsterdam, and one foredoomed to failure. That a country and people shall be governed for the benefit of the workers and producers who to-day comprise nine-tenths of the population, is a coming policy in every progressive nation. It was one of the mistakes of Australia to have narrowed this policy largely to organized labour, and through high tariffs and exclusion of immigration to have sought to maintain artificially a wage-standard that could not be held up under existing conditions.

From being the producer of foodstuffs and raw materials, Australia turned to industry to an extent that its own consumption could not justify, and its high cost of production made it impossible to compete with Japan, America, Germany, and other markets.

To maintain a considerable home industry calls for population. Australia, almost as large as the United States, but with much less arable soil, has only six and a half million people. About sixty-two per cent. of these live in cities and towns. Agricultural emigrants are not plentiful in England, Scotland or Ireland, and require money to get started. The Australian policy of a "white continent," has in effect really meant a "British continent." There has been, I believe still is, a prejudice against non-British immigrants. Organized labour in its own narrow, immediate interests, was not enthusiastic even for British immigrants.

Australia is paying the price of its mistakes. It is learning through experience. It is not for us to condemn, since most of us know too little about Australia. The Australians will in time work out their own salvation. We should not forget the way in which they came to the aid of the Motherland in the Great War, and we should be kindly helpful in so far as we can be. The suggestion that we cancel £82,000,000 war debts is a noble gesture, but burdened with taxation as we are in England, how can we do it?

Australia, sooner or later, must seriously take up the problem, difficult as it is, of filling more of that "empty continent." That emptiness must inevitably become a source of danger in the future, however distant. If it cannot be kept a "British white continent," then let it be the next best—a "white continent" in which British stock predominates, else in the not-too-distant future, it will be neither a British white, nor even a white continent.

FESTIVAL IN JAPAN.—"Gathering of Shells at Low Tide," the quaint Japanese Festival of "Shiohigari," begins about March 27, to last the one week during the year when the receding tide leaves uncovered the whole sea-floor off the coasts of Shinagawa, Omori, and Haneda.

Almost as far as eye can see, the dazzling sands are strewn with brilliantly-hued seaweeds, glistening shells, edible clams, and shell-fish. To the music of samisen, flutes, and drums, picturesque boats decorated with red and white bunting, carry their colourful freights of butterfly maidens in festival kimono and obi, down the Sumida River towards the sea. As the tide goes out, leaving the little boats grounded in shallow water, the "shiohi" season holiday-makers throng the sands, eager to gather the spoils of the sea. With kimonos tucked up into their sashes or obis, girls and women wade after bright shells, while merry Japanese children, like animated dolls, try to catch and hold little fishes basking in shallow pools. The turn of the tide signals a general scramble for the refloated boats, and the homeward procession drifts back up the river.

TOO MANY COOKS.—Multiplicity of political parties is the curse of the present trend of democracy. Sooner or later it will spell death to that kind of democratic government.

For years we in England have looked with forbearance, sometimes with pity, occasionally with a touch of silent contempt, at the efforts of some continental countries to govern themselves through the medium of a dozen to twenty odd political parties, each with its own programme and aims, culminating in a hotch-potch of compromises in which the real welfare of the nation is lost.

Is England politically now going the way of Germany, of Austria, of Poland, even the way of France? Is political wisdom and statesmanship in England determined to follow what might be called "continental democracy," with all its treacherous currents and factors making for instability? Is the example of Germany, of Austria, of Poland, of France, no deterrent?

Already we have the governing Labour Party, the Liberals, the Conservatives, the Empire Crusaders, the Communists, and now Sir Oswald Mosley is leaving Labour and starting a new party—six political parties already. If the Empire Crusaders under their rival chieftains, Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere should split, there would be seven. A goodly number.

Instead of reform within the old parties—and reform and rejuvenation they certainly need—everywhere cleavage. Multiplicity of political parties disrupts national unity, is destructive of stability, accentuates "class consciousness," encourages narrow, selfish aims and interests. It divides instead of uniting national sentiment, thereby weakening the nation. It leads to confusion in the public mind, eventually to public disgust with politics, and in the end—reaction.

If cleavage and the breaking-up of the old parties could lead to the formation of even one strong, progressive party with a courageous and wise leader, Britain might indeed profit much.

Labour remains in power by virtue of the dole. Mr. Lloyd George would solve unemployment, but could not if he had the chance. Mr. Winston Churchill would save the Empire with "No surrender in India." The Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere urge Empire Free Trade as a national panacea, but are not wholly agreed. The Conservatives under Mr. Baldwin are just conservative, and that's all. Sir Oswald Mosley at this writing, has kept the formula of his new party a secret to himself. Not one comprehensive, faith-inspiring, constructive programme among them all. If Mr. Winston Churchill had not run himself hard and fast as Chief Die-hard—a strange rôle for a brilliant journalist—he might be a Chief Progressive. He has the energy, the ability and the courage. A pity that all these qualities be wasted.

A ROYAL RADICAL.—King Prajadhipok of Siam, "Paradise of the Poor," last of the absolute sovereign kings on earth, will be the most interesting royalty to visit Europe this year.

An oriental monarch in the most modern and progressive guise, young, handsome, and in manners as engaging and charming as a Spanish courtier of the past, keen, and alert, King Pradjadhipok rules over what has been called the happiest kingdom, and the most gentle, contented people in Asia, if not in the whole world. The Siamese monarch with an entourage of only ten or twelve—not half the number that some of the Indian Maharajahs bring to Europe—is coming chiefly to consult leading eye-specialists.

THE ROYAL RADICAL: H.M. King Prajidhipok of Siam, a benevolent despot

Pradjadhipok is an interesting figure in the disappearing race of kings because he is a wise king, set over a population of modern Arcadians, who still have simplicity enough to appreciate the wisdom and good intents of their ruler.

Siam is an example of the very antithesis of modern democratic government. The Siamese are a negation of the accepted maxim that only those people can be happy and contented who rule themselves. In King Prajadhipok is concentrated all power of life and death over his subjects, all executive, legislative, and judicial authority. In an age of revolution, unsteady thrones, and kings reduced to figure-heads or rubber-stamps, the throne of Siam remains as firm as a rock in the seething unrest of Asia, as Prajadhipok exercises his unlimited power in such a way that the Siamese people are contented. Of what other people can that be said to-day!

The Government of Siam is a family affair. Only princes of the blood are admitted as members of the High Council of State. There is, in addition, an Advisory Council, the members of which are named by the King. Communal self-government, a sort of "political Kindergarten" in which gradually to educate the Siamese people in the duties and responsibilities of self-government is slowly being introduced. King Prajadhipok is far-visioned enough to see that even in Siam, the absolute monarchy will not always remain. That problem, however, is not yet acute.

BESET ON EVERY SIDE.—Though between the "Lion" (British India) in the West, the "Tiger" (French Indo-China) in the East, and the Chinese "Dragon" in the North, and surrounded by turbulent waves of political unrest and revolutionary spirit, Siam, the peaceful and contented "Lamb," has not been touched by revolution.

Kings, more often than not, are "die-hards," but in Siam King Prajadhipok could be characterized as the chief radical when it comes to urging gradual but steady national progress and modernization. He and his dynasty have shown uncommon wisdom and statesmanship by leading and directing progress in the country instead of endeavouring to retard or to repress it.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.—Most helpful has been the fact that Siam, and the Siamese are blest by that most gentle and sweet of all religions—Buddhism, which teaches that every individual is the sculptor of his or her own fate, in this life, and in the many existences to come. King Prajadhipok has taken the title "Defender of the Buddhist Faith." It is more than noteworthy that the waves of communism, coming from the North, have beaten in vain against the Buddhist Gates of Siam. Chinese agitators and *agents provocateurs* have, under the orders of the Government, been deported across the frontier, and to prevent their return without being immediately recognized, the brand of the agitator was burned on top of the right hand. Drastic indeed, but effective.

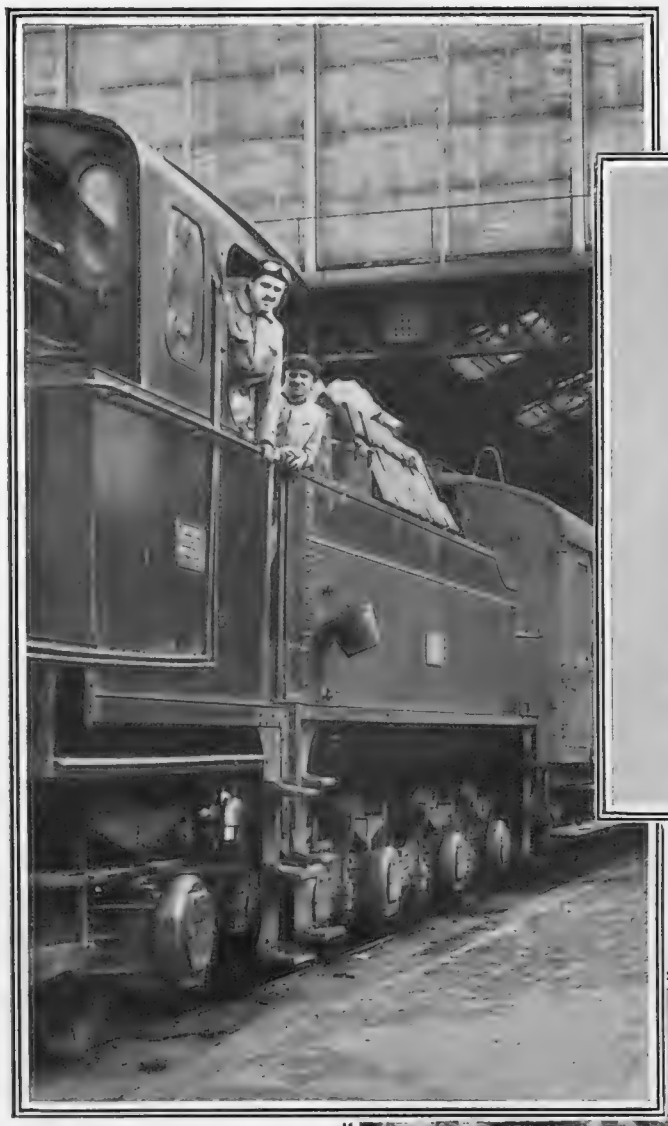
Siam's greatest menace is the peaceful penetration of Chinese immigrants from the North, irresistible as a lava stream. Bangkok, the capital, is already one-half Chinese. Commerce, business, shops, skilled and semi-skilled labour throughout the land, is largely in Chinese hands.

With Malays, Burmese, Annamites, Cambodians, Hindus, and Chinese all living in harmony with the Siamese, Siam is becoming a kind of Switzerland.

King Prajadhipok plays golf. So does Queen Rambaibarni. That is but one aspect of their modernity. The King is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and especially likes to take pictures with his cinema apparatus. Recently he organized a cinema club for amateurs.

The SURVEY *of the* SPHERE

News Events in Pictures from Countries Far and Near



A NOBLE ENGINE DRIVER: The Count of Alcubïerre and Marquis of San Dionis, an Hidalgo who unites to his high birth a great fortune, has a passion for engine driving. He has, therefore, taken a position on a Spanish railway. He drives to the station in his luxurious car and, thence-forward until the end of his run, becomes an ordinary employée of the railway company receiving no favours

A GREAT SCULPTOR POSTHUMOUSLY HONOURED IN HIS WIDOW: Madame Bourdelle was specially honoured by President Doumergue at the Retrospective Exhibition held at the Orangerie Museum at the Tuileries. Antoine Bourdelle is now recognized as one of the immortals of marble-work; in direct succession to Pheidias Praxitiles, Bernini, Michael Angelo, and Rodin

AFTERMATH OF THE NEW ZEALAND EARTHQUAKE: A scene at Bluff Hill where the road was blocked by a landslide in consequence of the recent cataclysm. *Above on right* — A MARINE CONVULSION IN AMERICA: High tides driven before a north-east gale caused property losses of £1,000,000 along the North Atlantic coast. An aerial view is seen above of heavy seas near Boston, Mass. Many householders were marooned by the highest tide in twenty-two years, while waves razed many cottages to the sea-covered turf

THE *DOYEN* OF EUROPEAN DIPLOMATS: Count Apponyi, the Hungarian statesman, is in Paris with the Countess, who is the President of the Women's Section of the League of Nations

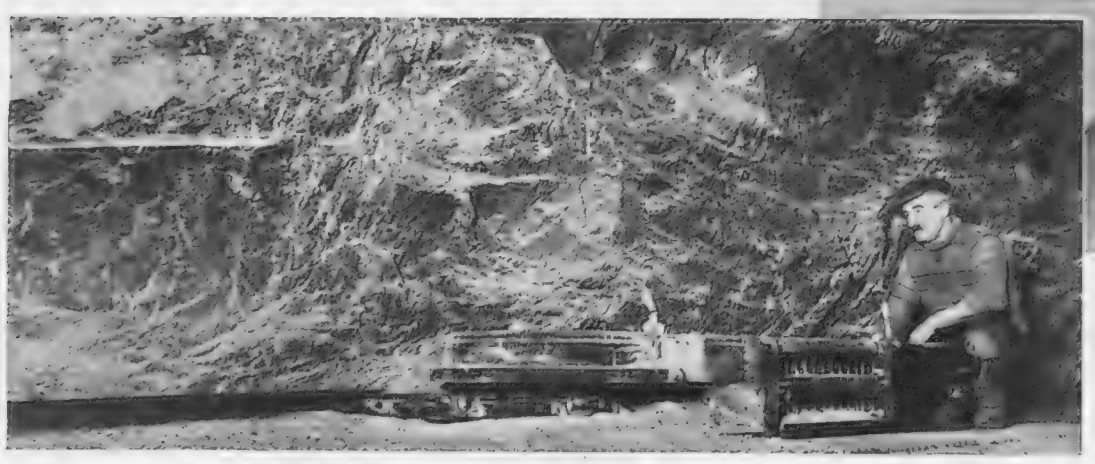
SALT OF THE EARTH:

PRELUDE TO BLASTING: Pneumatic drills are used in the salt mines to enable dynamite to be inserted. Blasting then brings down chunks of solid rock-salt. This is used only for cattle which lick the salt

THE WORKING FACE: A scene in one of the drifts in Meadow Bank Mine, piles are formed of pure rock-salt. This is not refined for human use at al which lick it. The condiment has properties valuable for cleansing the bloo

SUBTERRANEAN TRANSPORT: A scene at the bottom of Meadow Bank salt-mine, showing the electric locomotive dragging trucks of rock-salt and the cage in which it is hoisted to the surface 300 ft. above

BROAD SALT: At Stoke Prior the salt is obtained fro heat the brine and then crystals of s



UNDERCUTTING: There are two variations in removing rock-salt from a mine, blasting and undercutting. The latter method consists of the incision either of squares or irregular surfaces by an electric cutter. On occasion, the cutter is placed flush with the lowest level and huge chunks of rock-salt are freed from the walls with but one directional cut

The daily use of salt, as with other of life's commodities, seldom causes one to realize the vast enterprize behind the winning of salt from mother earth. In addition to the familiar table use of salt, there are many other purposes to which common salt is put. The chemical works need it—the great herds of cattle in Australia need it—although these

A Special Series of Pictures from the Lancashire and Cheshire Mines of the Salt Union, Ltd.

...e huge chunks of white-flecked material heaped in ...t is given in its raw state to cattle and horses ...ock-salt is exported in large quantities to Australia

LAGOS SQUARES: Pure salt is manufactured from brine: this is then ladled into non-watertight moulds which allow the water to run out of the bottom. On evaporation *hexahedra* of pure salt are obtained and are known as Lagos squares

...e pumped up from subterranean springs. Furnaces ...raked out as shown here

...re supplied with rock salt, not purified salt. ...griculture needs it. Table salt is always ...btained from brine which should be purified to ...roduce pure salt. In this field, Great Britain ...eads the way. Above is a series of pictures ...aken in the various mines belonging to the ...alt Union, Ltd., in Cheshire and Lancashire.

PURE SALT IN BULK: A scene at Widnes, Lancashire. The Salt Union, Ltd., in common with other great salt concerns, manufactures all its pure salt from brine; this firm, however, also makes from brine a product called "Salt Lick" for animal consumption. New machinery enables salt supplied by this firm to be delivered from mine to consumer untouched by hand

PARISIANA

THE GOVERNOR OF UNIVERSITY CITY interviews a prospective undergraduate to the new educational establishment of Paris now partially constructed.

UNIVERSITY CITY IN PARIS: The new Quartier, now in course of erection. Its object is to house all students now in the Quartier Latin in a district of their own near the Parc de Montsouris. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Junr., has so far donated £700,000 in two lots to the scheme

"EXHIBITS" IN THE INTERNATIONAL OVERSEAS EXHIBITION IN PARIS: Two types of Algerian beauty who will be seen at the Great Exhibition to be held in the Bois de Vincennes

THE CITY "TOTE": The Totalisators installed in the confines of the City of Paris have met with great success and, as may be seen above, are crowded with those who are anxious for a "flutter." This picture shows the Tote in Montmartre. Many backers, in France as at home, like to "have a bit on" without going to the races

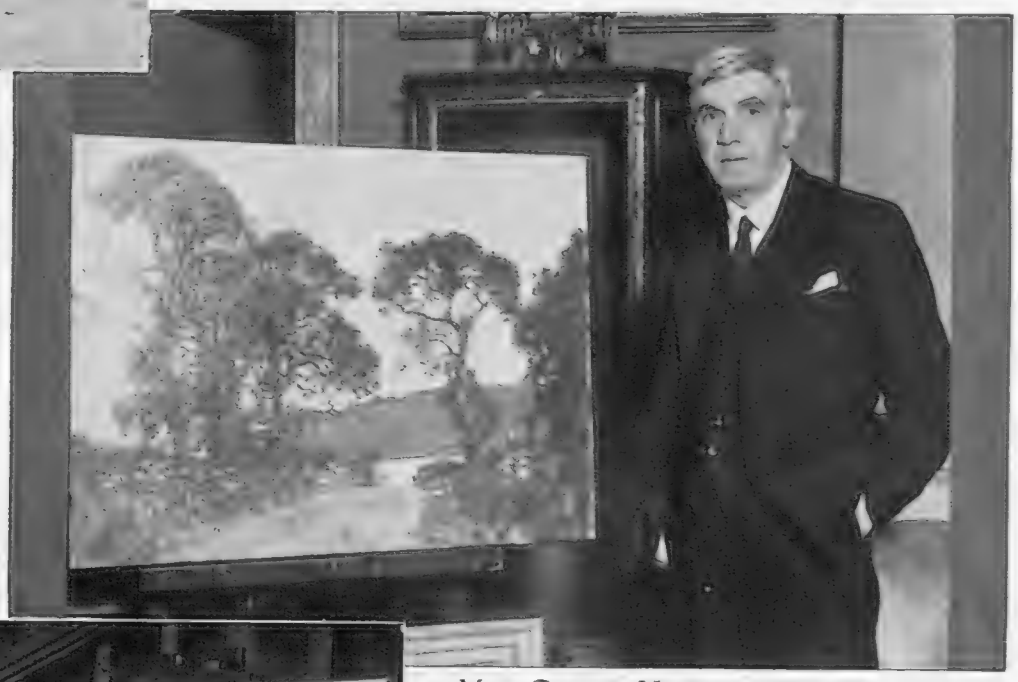
EMBLEMATICAL OF COLONIAL ACTIVITY: A section of the wonderful frieze executed for the International Overseas Exhibition by the eminent sculptor, M. Janniot, who, with a corps of twenty skilled carvers, has been at work for two years upon it. The Exhibition, which will be open from May to October, is to be held in the Bois de Vincennes

KHMER ARCHITECTURE: A reproduction of the finest example of the art of a strange little-known people, the Temple of Angkor-Wat, in the far Orient of Indo-China, has been constructed for exhibition in the great International Overseas Exhibition of next summer. Above is a view taken on the upper terrace of the Temple, showing the Sudan Pavilion in the background

SCOTTISH ARTISTS

Exhibiting in Edinburgh and the North

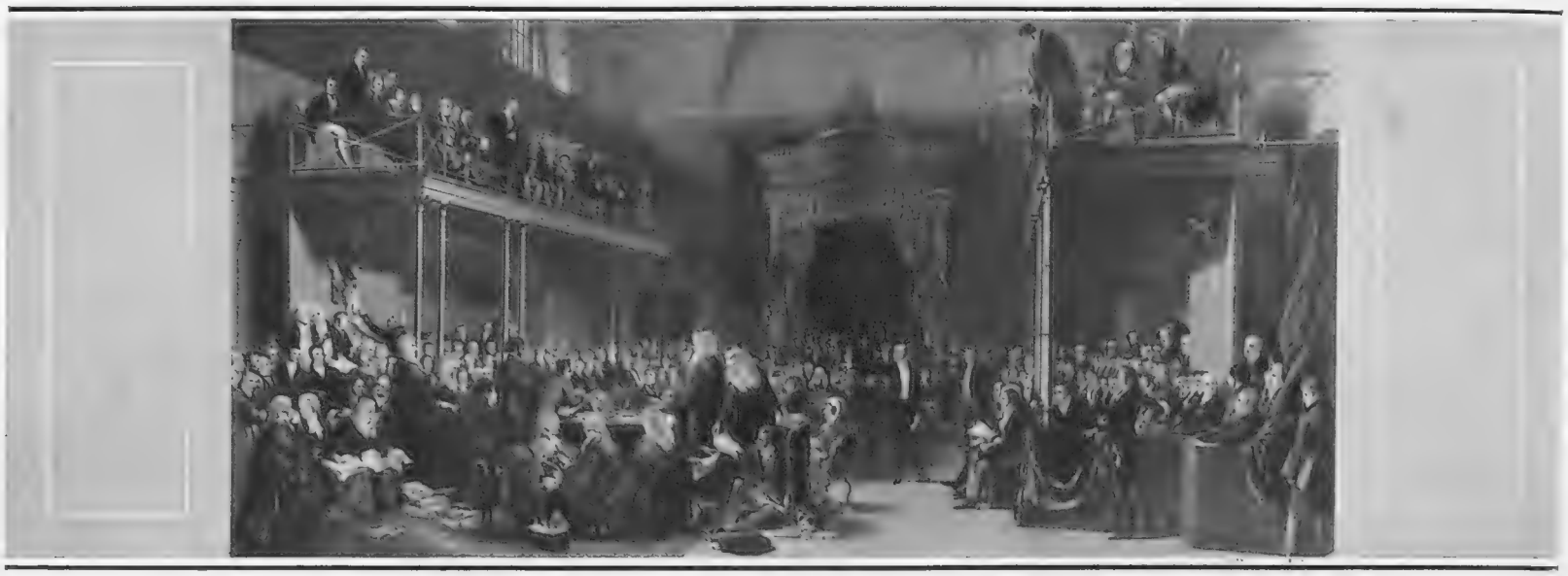
Mr. William Walls, R.S.A., R.S.W.: *Mr. Walls is a Director of the Zoological Society and a number of his sketches are made in the grounds.*
On left—**Mr. Charles Napier, R.S.W.:** *This artist's admirable work is largely concerned with Edinburgh itself. He is seen working below the famous Castle*



Mr. George Houston, R.S.A.: *A Scotsman who held his first one-man show in London early this year at the house of Lady Noble. Previously he had never exhibited in any force outside his own country—an example of a prophet with honour in his own land*

Miss Mabel Dawson, R.S.W.: *Well known for her studies of birds, this talented painter is seen putting the finishing touches to one of her favourite models in her studio at Ramsay Gardens, Edinburgh.*
Above on left—**Mr. John Duncan, R.S.A., R.S.W.** *in his studio at Bernard Crescent engaged on one of his well-known studies of the romance and legend of the Hebrides*

Miss Katherine Cameron, R.S.W., A.R.E.: *In private life Mrs. Arthur Kay, this Scottish artist is seen pulling a proof of one of the etchings with which she has made her reputation. Many of the above painters have been showing at the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Watercolours Exhibition in Edinburgh*



From the painting by George Hayter

The old House of Commons—during the famous trial of Queen Caroline

THE GILDED CHAMBER : The Real and the Unreal

Election Demand for the Abolition of the Most Highly Equipped Assembly of Experience, Knowledge, Work, Modernity, Commerce, Industry, Law, Finance, and Governance in the World

By CHARLES T. KING

(Past Chairman of the Parliamentary Lobbyists)

Preparations have been begun by the Labour-Socialists for a war on the House of Lords. Once more, as in 1908, there is a renewal of the process known as "filling up the cup." Many times proposals have been made to end, mend, or bend the House of Lords and now, says the party organ, it is to be made the central bone of contention in the next general election.

Ought the House of Lords to be abolished?

The best reply I can give to this is to attempt an answer to the question, "What *is* the House of Lords?"

From long years of work in the Press galleries and lobbies of the two Houses, I give it as my opinion that the House of Lords is the best informed, the most business-like, the most richly experienced, and the most highly equipped modern legislative Chamber in the world.

The House of Lords is represented to the popular imagination as a collection of ignorant, selfish, irresponsible, monocled, "backwoodsmen" and half-wits, looking and talking like the Earls of the fiction of P. G. Wodehouse and the films of Hollywood; a set of men who habitually throw out Bills passed by the Commons, and sitting there simply because they are the sons of their fathers, arrogantly flout the people's will. The truth is that the 200 or 300 peers who attend and do the work form the nearest approach in the world to an ideal Senate.

The House of Lords is an unmatched and unmatchable assembly of viceroys, governors of great territories, judges, scholars, explorers, scientists, pro-consuls, ambassadors, sailors, soldiers, airmen, heads of vast businesses, farmers, landowners, coal-mine owners, shipowners, railway directors, archbishops, bishops, clergymen who have won distinction after hard work in the slums, philosophers, teachers, experts in British Empire trade, bankers, board-room men, men versed in contracts, in employment problems, in world affairs, in the building of houses, building of ships, building of businesses, building of men.

Of such are the working members of the British Senate. This is the unequalled gathering of world knowledge that occupies the bright scarlet benches of what is variously called "the Second Chamber," "the Hereditary Chamber," "the Upper House," "the Revising Chamber," "the Gilded Chamber."

Here are Ministers of Edward the Seventh, Ministers of George the Fifth, ripe experts from Whitehall, travellers in far countries, board-room directors, students of distant nations, and members or ex-members of little local town councils. Here are distinguished prelates and cloistered scholars and heads of enterprise and industry.

What can we say *against* the House of Lords?

(1) They are not elected by the people. (That's why they are such a good Senate.)

(2) They are hereditary. (Many of them have not inherited their titles but have earned them. Many who have inherited their titles make valuable members of a ripe Senate, and are more useful than ever at a time such as the present, when tens of millions have the vote without any real qualification for using it.)

(3) They throw out Bills passed by the Commons, the elected of the people. (And the people have had reason to thank them for doing so. Besides, what the House of Lords usually does with a Bill sent up to it from the Commons is to *pass it*.)

(4) There are more than 700 peers, and of these 200 attend more or less regularly and do the work. (But the others attend on great occasions, such as those on which they threw out the Lloyd George "People's Budget" and the Home Rule Bills.)

I admit it is open to argument whether, in the fourth decade of the twentieth century, in an age furnished with gramophones, saxophones, and other aids to calm thought there should be any continuance of the hereditary principle. Against it one can argue that it is an anachronism. In favour of it one can argue that it works well, that it helps the newer peers to form an excellent Revising Chamber, and that the preservation of the hereditary principle gives us a Senate happily lifted above the saxophonic cockpit of democratic passion and disastrous party conflict, and stunt politics of freak "parties." I deplore the fact that at the next General Election they are going to fling the Gilded Chamber into the cockpit.

I doubt whether any party that goes to the hustings will contend that we shall do away with the bi-cameral system. There will be advocates of change in the composition of the Second Chamber. It is possible that the British Constitution may be bludgeoned into a mending, but not, I think, an ending of the House of Lords. We must have a strong Senate. I believe that if we obtained that long-talked-of "reform of the House of Lords," the Members who do the work now would be the men composing the Second Chamber then.

Who are they?

To give a list of the eminent men in the Gilded Chamber would be to outrun space. But let me at haphazard name a few in the various walks of life such as (1) viceroyalty or governorship, (2) commerce, (3) eminence in the law, (4) distinction in various departments of national and international affairs.

Take viceroyalty and governorship. Just a few of them—

The Marquis of Reading, Viceroy of India after having been Lord Chief Justice of England; Lord Willingdon, new Viceroy of India, lately Governor-General of Canada; Viscount Byng of Vimy, formerly Governor-General of Canada, afterwards Commissioner of Police at the Yard; the Earl of Athlone, recently Governor-General of South Africa; Earl Beauchamp, ex-Governor of New South Wales; the Marquis of Aberdeen, Ireland, and Canada; Viscount Wimborne, Ireland; Lord Stonehaven, Australia; Lord Southborough, a great member of the Civil Service, Whitehall; Lord Ampthill, Madras, and one-time Acting-Viceroy of India; the Earl of Bessborough, the new Governor-General of Canada; Lord Lloyd, formerly Governor of Bombay and recently High Commissioner of Egypt; the Earl of Lytton, Bengal, and one-time Acting-Viceroy of India—but the list is long.

Take commerce, manufacture, industry. Once more just a few of them: Lord Aberconway, steel, shipbuilding, collieries; Lord Ashfield, railways, omnibuses, chemical industries; Lord Banbury, finance (greatest living mover of the rejection of Bills); Viscount Churchill, G.W.R.; Viscount Cowdray, world engineering; Lord Gainford, coal mining; Lord Melchett, chemical industries; Lord Hunsdon, Lord Swaythling and others, finance. And many more of wide experience and achievement in industry.

And take newspaper proprietors; Lords Beaverbrook, Camrose, Riddell, and Rothermere. Also Lord Burnham, of a great newspaper family, member of the Simon Commission to India, after long years of other great public service.

Rich in men of legal distinction is the House of Lords. Just a few of them: Lord Buckmaster, a real orator; Lord Darling, twenty-six years High Court Judge and always a delightful poet; Lord Hanworth, Master of the Rolls; Lord Hewart, L.C.J.; Lord Hailsham, ex-Lord Chancellor and outstanding debater; Lord Merrivale, President of the Probate, Admiralty, and Divorce Court; Viscount Dunedin, acute Appeal Judge—but again the list is long.

The sailors and soldiers in the House of Lords are, of course, many. The old peerage has long had its soldier sons as a matter of course, and other distinguished fighters have been given a peerage. There are in the House Earl Beatty and Earl Jellicoe, Admirals of British Navy war fame, Lords Cavan, Plumer, and others, big Generals in the War, and Lord Baden Powell, whose name will go down to history as the head of the Boy Scouts Movement.

Among others of great distinction in war is Viscount Allenby, the General who commanded in Palestine and who, on the taking of Jerusalem, humbly walked into the Holy City on foot—where the Kaiser a few years before, on one of his characteristic ornamental jaunts, had proudly pranced in on a charger.

The mere list of other peers who have helped to make history would be long indeed: Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, whose family were great statesmen in the days of Queen Elizabeth in the sixteenth century; the young Earl of Iddesleigh, who, before reaching thirty, had worked in America, Europe, Asia and Africa; Viscount Chilston, Ambassador to Hungary; Viscount Craigavon, Premier of Northern Ireland; the Marquis of Crewe, formerly British Ambassador at Paris; Lord Cushenden, the huge Ulster Irishman who shone at Geneva; Viscount D'Abernon, ex-Ambassador to Germany; Lord Dawson of Penn, distinguished doctor, King George's physician; Earl Derby, statesman and sportsman; Lord Desborough, fencer, whip, cricketer, ex-Minister; Marquis of Dufferin, Speaker of the Senate of Northern Ireland; Earl Granville, Ambassador to Belgium; Viscount Grey of Fallodon, the world-famous "Edward Grey" of the War; Viscount Knutsford, lifelong pillar of the London Hospitals; Viscount Lee of Fareham, well known in America, ex-M.P. and Minister; Earl of Lonsdale, pillar of horse breeding and horse racing, Lord Meston, ex-Governor of Agra, India; Lord Moynihan, one of the greatest surgeons and most gifted public speakers; the Marquis of Salisbury, leader of the Conservatives in the House of Lords and descendant of Elizabethan statesmen; Lord Saye and Sele, whose ancestors were at Runnymede forcing King John to seal Magna Charta; Lord Sinha, distinguished Indian statesman; Bishop of Southwark, social worker in the slums; Lord Stamfordham, Secretary to Queen Victoria, King Edward, and King George; Lord Tyrrell, Ambassador at Paris; Viscount Ullswater, the great Speaker Lowther, who was the finest occupant of the presidential Chair of the House of Commons in the past 50 years—but, as I said, the list is long.

The House of Lords has been long threatened with abolition. It was going to be killed twenty or thirty years ago. One day, about twenty years ago, a remark was made to me in the Gilded Chamber, amid the indescribable colour and historic splendour of the State Opening of Parliament, and it is worth recalling now. Will Steadman an East End Labour M.P. of that day, was at my side.

In awed silence this able, rough-hewn gem of dockland drank in the glory of the scene, Then he turned to me and said, "I say, guv'nor. I reckon this'll take a lot of abolishin'."

HAWKING IN THE NORTH SAHARAN DESERT

THE HEREDITARY FALCONER OF THE BACH AGHA OF LAGHOUAT *with his hooded falcons awaits his master's signal for the sport to begin*

THE GUESTS OF THE AGHA *who took part in the hawking made a wonderful picture of kaleidoscopic colour. The vivid hues of their cloaks were rivalled by the brilliant trappings on their mounts. The steed of the Agha himself bore a beautiful green and gold saddle into which the chief nimbly leapt*

THE BACH AGHA OF LAGHOUAT, HIS GUEST, AND RETAINERS MOVING TOWARDS THE SHALLOW VALLEY IN WHICH THE SPORT TOOK PLACE: *At this spring season the sport of hawking is frequently indulged in by the greater chiefs of the Northern Sahara, where the Algerian military area touches the desert. The great man of this particular area which lies under the shadow of the Southern Taurus, Bach Agha Djelloul, is an agile horseman, and maintains his hawking establishment as in mediæval days. He will go a-hawking with his friends, who on their creamy white mounts present a marvellous scene of old time splendour. The hare is hunted by the hawks over a rough stony desert full of camel scrub which gives the quarry any amount of cover. The riders mount and dash off after the hawks as they scour the valley, and, fixing on a particular hare, pursue it with wild vivid dashes until it is finally in their power. The falconer is here riding out with his hawks, one on the left wrist and the other on his headdress.* Inset above—*The falconer crawling forward on his stomach towards one of his birds who is tearing at his quarry. The other hawk is still seated on the falconer's head*

LAST DAYS

A FAMOUS HUNT GOES TO SCHOOL AT STOWE: A scene at the most modern of public schools, when the Grafton met there. Hundreds of enthusiastic youngsters flocked out from the class-rooms to greet the hounds and to follow on foot or bicycle to watch the first covert being drawn

THE COTTESMORE: A lovely view of one sec
miles from Oakham, Rutland. At a recent
YOUNGEST MILLIONAI

THE VINE MEETS NEAR KINGSCLERE: Hounds moving off to the first covert after the meet at the Old House, Wolverton, Hants

The last of the hunting season, following the bout of freezing cold which stopped the sport entirely, has been notable for the extreme warmth of the weather. So hot, in fact, has sight to see silk hats carried whene allow fevered brows to cool. Even

YS of the HUNTING SEASON

FOLLOWERS OF THE COTTESMORE: Mrs. Vere Chaplin, Mrs. Guy Fenwick, Mrs. Gerrard Leigh, and Mr. Vere Chaplin

f one section of country hunted by this famous pack. The picture above shows the field near Whissendine, four a recent meet, the hounds of the Cottesmore had a narrow escape at a level crossing. *On right:* ENGLAND'S MILLIONAIRESS: Miss Jane Whitelaw, an enthusiastic follower, at a meet of the Old Berkeley

AMPHIBIAN! A severe test undergone by the Belvoir at a recent meet. Hounds and the field had to ford the river recently near Melton Mowbray. Such adventures are, however, taken in the huntsman's stride

fact, has it been that it was no uncommon ied whenever opportunity was afforded, to . Even so die-hard a newspaper as "The Morning Post" carried the headline the other day "Almost Too Warm for Hunting"—proof positive of the unexpected clemency of the climate.

Compton MACKENZIE *and Beverley* NICHOLS

Are Given a Literary Lunch and have their Books Reviewed

by CECIL ROBERTS

It was really a very nice luncheon party. My rooms had been spring-cleaned, my cook was in a good humour and produced his celebrated ham *mousse*, and I opened my last bottle of Romanée Conti. For these were special guests, and I was presiding at a feast of reconciliation between two clever young men. Mr. Beverley Nichols was the first to arrive, with that air of reckless gaiety which is the most deceptive thing in his studiously planned career. He brought with him a little gift, a copy of his new book, *Women and Children Last* (Cape. 7s. 6d.) I had just suppressed my excitement when the second guest arrived, Mr. Compton Mackenzie. He also brought with him a little gift, his new book, *First Athenian Memories* (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) It was a critical moment in the career of a critic, justly balancing the proportion of excitement produced by these two gifts.

But my anxiety had a deeper cause. I had played a trick on my guests. There might at that moment have been a dreadful scene, for in print my two guests had been very rude to each other. It was Mr. Nichols who began it, of course. He started his career by ringing bells and running round the corner. When he went to Greece to interview King Tino, in one of his lesser moments with monarchs, he alluded to Mr. Compton Mackenzie, who had been a secret agent there, as "a young and rather decorative relic of the 'nineties carrying out Balkan intrigues against a background of classic pillars and traitorous monarchs." This was both rude and unfair. So later, Mr. Compton Mackenzie referred to Mr. Nichols as one "who was imported to Athens by King Constantine to remove the inkstains with which other journalists had bespattered his reputation during the War. As salts of lemon Mr. Nichols was hardly a success, for the salt was not Attic and the lemon suggested sour grapes." The retort dignified, if acid.

I was running a risk, therefore, in bringing this pair together, but I had too deep an admiration and affection for them to let the quarrel go on. And if Mr. Compton Mackenzie has become something of a figure of legend, as Mr. Nichols hinted, he has himself to blame or credit. Long ago he realized the importance of getting a tag to one's name. It gives the Press something to start off with. Conrad who was a sailor, Masefield who worked in a bar, Mackenzie who lives on an island —that is the sort of thing that gets one paragraphed by the snippet writers. Mr. Compton Mackenzie's passion for islands (Capri, Jethou, and now, we hear, the wildest outpost of the Hebrides) is somehow mingled with an incredible gift of being at the centre of things, including dinner tables in the West End and secret service in Athens. And now he sat at my table, for we had safely got out of the drawing-room and through the first epigram of my unabashed Beverley.

There was no doubt but that the lunch was a great success. They liked each other, as of course I knew they must, being bright and clever and friendly, away from the blackening influence of printer's ink. They seemed sorrowful at parting, and, feeling I had contributed something to the amenities of literature, I watched Mr. Nichols depart in his white Rolls-Royce with a black chauffeur in a lilac uniform, and then Mr. Mackenzie depart too, in a Hispaño Suiza, 6 in. longer in the body, I fear. I gave such a sigh of happy relief after this tension that the front door shut with a loud slam—and I woke up.

But, strange to say, their two presents were with me still, and delightful presents they are. Let us look at them. I do not know which is the most astonishing thing about Mr. Compton Mackenzie, his incredible industry or the light grace with which he wears his scholarship. In most of his work he writes at great length, allowing every incident to deflect the course of his narrative, but those deflections are so packed with scholarly allusion, rich characterisation, and a smooth quality of analysis that the by-streets are often more alluring than the main road. Here is a book, *First Athenian Memories*, which is the second volume of his War memories. At the end of its 400 pages we have only surveyed the last four months of 1915, and we have the promise that at least two more volumes will follow. I shall not be perturbed if there are ten more volumes of the same quality to follow.

Mr. Mackenzie has not yet learned how to be dull or to write a clumsy sentence. This book arouses in the reader a constantly repressed excitement. The author arrives at the British Legation, throws his bags on the floor, and finds he is ill. Even that illness provides a more fantastic quality to an adventure that has the Acropolis for a backcloth and the court of King Tino for a stage. Then begin plot and counter-plot with Mr. Compton Mackenzie for a considerable period in a state of flux. He is pro-Tino when a lovely princess has an outburst in the street against England's hypocrisy, and he is pro-Venizelos when a young man in a café burns with passionate patriotism. From these points of view he progresses through the network of rumour and intrigue. Such is the welter into which the author plunges; but a letter, a flower, a death notice sets his mind homeward and his pen flowing in delightful reminiscence.

His eye for the bizarre is as keen as his sense of deft prose. A dissertation on fresh figs is as though Guy and Pauline had been transplanted to Athens and were looking for Michael Fane in an Hellenic Sinister Street. What a devastating portrait of our betters this is! That we are ruled by amateurs in high places is part of the knowledge of any sensible man, but the levity with which they go about defacing civilization and depopulating nations is a thing to make one hurry off this planet. The picture Mr. Mackenzie presents is depressing, though his whole attitude is one of cheerful expectation that the worst cannot possibly happen. It did happen. There followed the mournful chapters of the Dardanelles and of Salonica, but these are not yet in the purview of this record.

Meanwhile the delectable comedy of spying and gossiping, of bribing and surmizing is played out. It is the minor figures who are notable. There is the unforgettable Lisa. One day the Greek Archbishop of Syra came to call. He was an imposing figure when he walked abroad with his pastoral staff and attendant deacon. "Athenasius of Syra, Tenos, Andros, Kea, and Melos was magnificently worthy of that crown engraved upon his visiting card. He was a very tall man with flashing eye and flowing hair, a superb profile, and a beard of Zeus-like majesty." The door was opened by Lisa, maid of all work, grey-headed and worn. "Lisa!" exclaimed the Archbishop. And she answered him softly by the name of his youth. Forty years earlier they had lived together as lovers, then both had gone their way.

Mr. Mackenzie has produced another heroine of the War. Who was the American woman who stood over the Legation despatch bags when an enemy submarine commander came on board to make a search, and, like a hen over her chickens, refused to surrender them? After that noble defence surely she should have become a Dame of the British Empire even though she remained a daughter of the American Revolution? And who —but I must stop. Page after page of this book astonishes, enchants, conjures up a vision, outlines a tragedy, touches the heart. There is history here, told by a master of fiction who, keeping to fact, transcends the power of the imagination.

And now let us turn to the gift and gifts of Mr. Beverley Nichols. There is one legend that should be dispelled at the outset—that he is an impertinent boy who will not grow up. The real trouble with Mr. Beverley Nichols is that he has always been grown up. From the beginning he has seen too much and known too much, and has always found it difficult to believe in anything. He calls his book *Women and Children Last*, for two reasons. First, I am sure, because it is an arrestingly impertinent title; and secondly, because he fails to see why "in a cargo of fifty men and women, the fifty women should consider it their divine right to occupy the only lifeboat and leave the fifty men to drown." All through this delicious book Mr. Nichols keeps ducking his women. In an essay on "What I Shall Buy My Wife," he includes a good cookery book, inscribed "To my dear wife in the hope that she will read, mark, learn, and that we may both inwardly digest." Everywhere in this unpausing book the bright wit glitters, each sentence heavily Nicholed.

But this irreverent young man does more than drop prayer books in churches; he knows how to pull out the *vox humana*, and does it with the abashless sentimentality of a super-cinema organist shimmying Schumann. We are introduced to the smiling blind friend who cannot see the beauty of the garden, etc., with a far-off chorus of bird-voices chanting "A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot." Yet one can forgive this weekly plunge into Rothermere, which is so unbracing. The book is full of jewels set on the forefinger of timely comment. And at his best what a master of carte and tierce he is! The victims of his glancing wit utter no groans." Death is swift and neat, performed at the hand of one who is merciful while just. In *The Tragedy of the Gigolo* there is justice done to an unhappy victim of chance and *laissez-faire*. For all the spice of the devil in him, Mr. Beverley Nichols is allied with the angels. He hates cruelty, grossness, vain success, vulgarity, and insensitiveness to the beauty and delicacy of the human spirit. There is an artist at work too, and there are signs that he is growing younger; he no longer shouts with the bright young barbarians, but shouts at them, even braving his own remark that "the latest brood of bright young people will sneer at such obsolete figures." There is a poet writing here who no longer likes a fine line for its own sake but for life's sake. "Time in its full exquisite reality must be tasted alone. Then it ceases to be an affair of hours and dates and places. It is a miraculous medley of light and shade, of sound and of silence. It flows on broadly and smoothly as a river."

Let me not convey the impression that in this collection of articles, including a most macabre story, the Mr. Nichols that tweaked the nose of the world has lost his joy in disfiguring the smug face of convention. He is still the bright trapeze artist who flies from paragraph to paragraph with a grace that leaves one breathless. To read him is to love him for his courage, his independence, his preposterous and his confessional moments. He can throw roses and see that you catch the thorn, his brightest wit casts a shadow of sorrow, his laughter is never out of key with pain, and if insolence is still his most endearing quality, it is an insolence that makes one turn the other cheek to so gallant a smiter.

Mr. Desmond Coke has returned to the form in which he made his name. He has written a novel of public-school life, *Stanton* (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.). It is a long book and a good book and Mr. Coke has done something more than follow the lives of a few selected boys; he has given us the rise and fall and redemption of a school which loses its soul the moment it is touched by commercial success. There is a boy in the story of course, a live, flesh-and-blood fellow whose growth and reaction to the influences around him are most sympathetically portrayed and whose loyalties form the emotional basis of this very sincere plea for the best in education. But why, I am impelled to ask, does so experienced and wise a writer as Mr. Coke toy with the old cliché? Two boys have a mild love affair and there is the usual hullabaloo between the masters. Why? To-day one cannot find a public school novel which does not draw a lurid moment from such incidents. If these stories are truthful reflections of life at our public schools then, surely, the masters cannot be surprised? It is a wonder they can show anything but boredom with such unoriginality. And it is very tiresome for a reviewer, too. I am prepared to lay a bet of 100 to 1 that nine out of every ten public school novels will have a whiff of homosexuality like a spot of sherry in the trifle. We get it in *Stanton*, and I groaned to see these silly masters fuming over a silly little love-note. The story is brisk and strong enough to dispense with this "tonic" touch. Mr. Coke has written a most readable school story, and in Gordon the boy, and Rex the master we see the English character at its best.

Recommended List:

Sheridan, *by E. M. Butler* **(Constable and Co. 15s. net).**—The authoress examines all the histories and facts about Sheridan in the literature that has grown around his name. Then she sets out to write her own account of this brilliant figure. It is a vivid study.

The Limestone Tree, *by Joseph Hergesheimer* **(Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net).**—The story of a Kentucky family, a chronicle covering the rise of the State from its Indian infested days, through the Civil War, to its settled civilization. All of Hergesheimer's richness of style glows in this American scene.

Endurance, *by Commander F. Worsley* **(Allan and Co. 21s. net).**—A fine account of Shackleton and his men, and the incredible hardships faced in an epic of polar adventure.

Alarms and Excursions in Arabia, *by Bertram Thomas* **(Allen and Unwin. 15s. net).**—Mr. Thomas's adventures among the Arabs. The intrepid explorer has a gift of narrative, and this book reveals the foundations of his great achievement in traversing the unknown Great Sandy Desert.

Variety Varnished, *by P. Tennyson Cole* **(Hutchinson. 21s. net).**—The artist has been all over the earth painting kings, princesses, and celebrities. A chatty book of reminiscences and the confessions of the famous.

Great Women Singers of My Time, *by Herman Klein* **(Routledge. 12s. 6d. net).**—A review of prima donnas from Tietjens to Lehmann.

Mr. Corrington, *by Dora Barford* **(Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net).**—A lively highwayman romance.

STORMY WEATHER and its Aftermath on the SUSSEX COAST

"FOAM STORM": A remarkable sight at Seaford during the rough weather of a few days ago. The high wind blew blossoms of foam from the waves well off the sea on to the shore

ROUGH WEATHER AT BEACHY HEAD: A remarkably fine study of the new lighthouse during a rough ebb tide taken from the 700 ft. cliff up which the Devil's Chimney thrusts its pronged peak. The lighthouse, 125 ft. high, is drenched in spray at high water. Below—THE HARVEST OF THE SEA: Seaweed cast up during rough weather carted inland for manure

UNEMPLOYED MINERS PUT TO WORK: Welsh miners from the distressed areas are now at work on the three miles long sea wall which is being built between Black Rock, Brighton, and Rottingdean. Erosion has been so severe in this part of the coast that the main Brighton to Eastbourne road was threatened. The wall is costing about £200,000 and may lead to the building of a magnificent under-cliff arive between Brighton and Rottingdean

Vignettes of CHANGING LONDON

PERCUSSIONS *and* REPERCUSSIONS

The Road-Breakers of the Metropolis

By HERBERT JEANS

The layman usually refers to it as a pneumatic drill—sometimes he calls it by other names.

The workman, who seems to tremble as he uses the tool, calls it a pom-pom, and, as with the quick-firing gun from which its nick-name is borrowed, the man behind the tool is at least as important as the implement itself.

To become a really first-class pom-pom worker a man need not necessarily be a trained mechanic, but he must possess a mechanical sense. In spite of its noise and apparently irresistible power, the pom-pom is quite a delicate machine. The presence of grit, for instance, even in a slight form, is sufficient to put the tool out of action, and the competent workman will remove any such obstruction on the spot without unduly delaying the work.

Because of this proficiency the pneumatic tool operator (to give him his full title) is among the best paid of the unskilled workers; in fact, the hourly rate to a good man in many cases exceeds the recognized rate for skilled mechanics.

Far from being stood off occasionally because of tremors, as you might think, the pom-pom worker puts in more time on his job than many of his fellow workers. The average hours in the building trade are forty-two a week, but the road breaker manipulating a pneumatic tool works from forty-eight to fifty hours a week. He goes straight through his eight or more hours a day without pause except for meals, and keeps on year after year, almost literally, without turning a hair.

It is a curious fact that the highly-tempered solid steel piston in the mechanism suffers more quickly from fatigue than the man who works the tool. Concrete breaking under air pressure is, perhaps, the hardest work that steel is called upon to do. The compressor raises from 40 to 50 cubic ft. of free air a minute to a pressure of 80 lb. per square inch, and thus, by means of the piston, is delivered a blow on the wedge equalling 1,000 lb. at an average of 1,500 blows a minute.

After two or three months' continuous work under these conditions the steel of which the piston is composed becomes tired and, like a human being, requires rest. To restore it to the normal the part will either be laid aside and rested for six or eight months or else be subjected to what is known as "forced rest" by a special heat treatment which has the tonic effect of overcoming the fatigue at once.

The pom-pom man is most familiarly known in his capacity as a road-breaker, but he is called upon to work on all sorts of jobs under all sorts of conditions. When working under water he dons a diver's outfit and goes down to ply his pneumatic tool on the bed of a river or canal, or on the foundations of a dock or harbour, a special pipe being attached to avoid back pressure from the exhaust air. The interesting wave-like effects on the surface caused by the disturbance of the water may perhaps be put to the credit side of the ear-splitting pompom.

The implement used for road-breaking is intended to work only to a depth of about 12 in. There are other tools for breaking up great masses of concrete such as foundations for heavy machinery and the solid ramps encountered on sports and football grounds.

The rhythmical swinging of the heavy sledges of four or more lusty hammermen as the huge cold chisel is driven in to break up the London streets is now almost entirely a thing of the past.

When repairs are needed, or a sudden disturbance of one or other of the underground services demands that the road surface be broken up, an air compressor mounted on a motor-lorry, and with the necessary tools attached, can be at once rushed to the spot. An efficient pom-pom man is always in attendance on this vehicle, which is colloquially known as the "fire-engine." Speed is of the essence of the contract, and it is calculated that one man with a pom-pom will accomplish as much in a given time as five or six men working in the old-fashioned way,

A MAGNIFICENT BEAST: The average dray-horse weighs 17 cwt. and some turn the scale at over a ton

FALLEN BY THE WAY: A dray-horse unable to get up. Lest motorists cite this as an argument against equine transport, be it remembered that motor-cars have also been known, breaking down, to dislocate the traffic

MEN *and* HORSES

The Teams of the London Drays

The time is past when your drayman would call at the alehouse for a quart of beer at five o'clock in the morning on his way to work and that, no doubt, because the alehouses are no longer open at such an early hour.

But otherwise the modern drayman, although he may wear a bowler hat instead of a red stocking cap, and trousers in place of tight-fitting breeches, has not altered much from the type made familiar to us in prints of old London. If he who drives fat cattle should himself be fat, it surely is fitting that the drayman, who earns his living by handling beer in bulk, should make that national product his favourite beverage, and in this respect he can seldom be accused of neglect of duty.

I cannot say what is the average daily beer consumption of the London drayman. It is a matter of individual prowess. You can tell at a glance that whatever his capacity may be he thrives on it, and nobody would suggest that he ever takes too much. Perhaps that would be impossible.

Although he may not make the early morning call of his predecessors, the modern drayman still has to be up betimes. There are places of heavy traffic in the City and elsewhere in London where the delivery of beer is forbidden by Police Regulations after eight a.m. It is only fair to the brewing industry that this should be generally known, as at the present time there is an agitation afoot against what is commonly believed to be the drayman's prerogative of blocking both the road and the footpath by letting casks down through a hole in the pavement at any time of the day, while a motor vehicle is not allowed to stand in a busy thoroughfare for more than a few minutes.

Another error into which the man-in-the-street is liable to slip concerns the meaning of the word dray. The common idea is, I think, that a dray is the heaviest form of vehicle drawn by three magnificent horses. That, however, is technically wrong. The dray is the smaller vehicle, having no sides, which is drawn either by a single horse or a pair. The animals may be no less magnificent than those of the wagon team which are driven unicorn fashion (two-wheelers and a leader), and they are particularly useful for working in London as they can be turned in the narrow streets more easily than a motor lorry.

Long distance deliveries are carried out by motor vehicles, but for work nearer home the horse can beat the machine every time.

This will be the more readily appreciated when it is reflected that the average drayhorse at his prime weighs about 17 cwt., although it is not unusual for him to scale a full ton. In fact one fine fellow belonging to a well-known firm of London brewers stands 18 hands 2 inches, and weighs 23 cwt. At various horse shows throughout the country, including Olympia, he has carried everything in the way of cups and other prizes before him, and if he were really put to it, it is difficult to say what he could not pull behind him.

A pair of ordinary dray horses will make light work of drawing 5½ tons, the dray itself weighing 35 cwt. and the load accounting for the rest. Naturally this load becomes lighter as the day advances. The custom is for the draymen to drive on the outward journey, his mate taking the reins on the return, to give him a rest. Driving such a team is no light task, because although the animals, as we have seen, do five miles an hour if given their heads, it is well to keep them at a walking pace of about four miles an hour, otherwise they are inclined prematurely to wear themselves out.

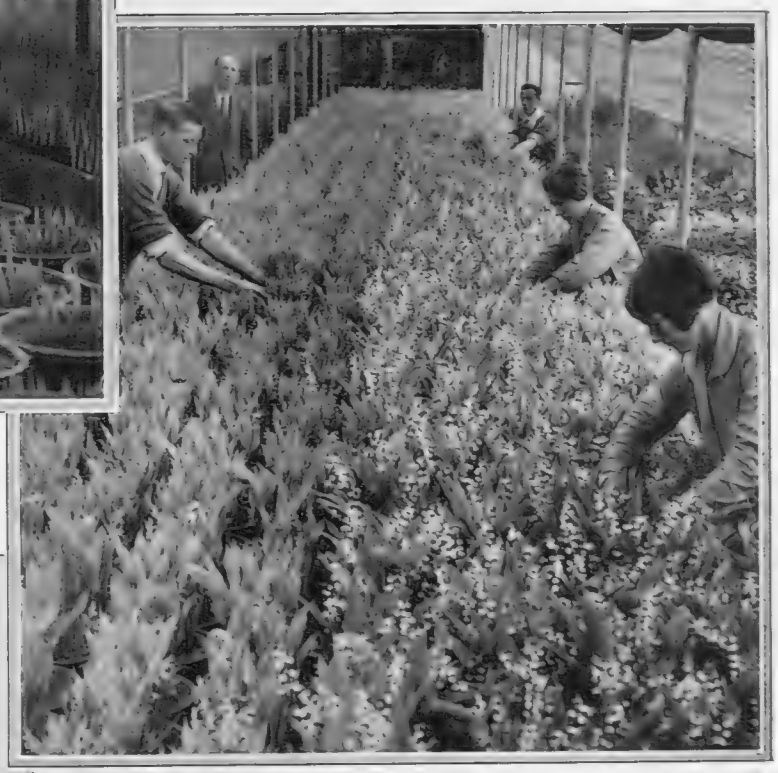
As regards the cost of feed, many stablemen will tell you that it is impossible to keep a horse in London for less than £1 a week, but a careful analysis of the stable costs of one of the largest London breweries shows that the average cost of a dray-horse's keep is 13s. 9d, a week, that sum including both feed and bedding. The price of a Shire horse will be anything up to £100.

"*The* FLOWERS *that* BLOOM *in the* SPRING"

FRAGRANT EMBLEMS OF PURITY: A scene at the lily of the valley farm near Woking, where many ex-Service men are employed. The blossoms seen above have just been cut for market

A LILY'S PROGRESS: The miracle of Nature revealed. Each stage of development in the growth of the flower is shown above. The interval elapsing between each stage is one of three days

AN EMBRYONIC BURTHEN OF BEAUTY: A view in one of the forcing houses at the lily of the valley farm near Woking, run by ex-Service men, where the most delicate member of the lily family is raised for the market. These "pips" are but three days old



TWO STAGES: Blossoms on the right are ready for cutting, and those on the left have yet a few days to go. The pips are imported in a frozen state, then thawed, and bloom within eighteen days of planting

A DOCTOR AND TWO PATIENTS: One of the young women who are taking up veterinary work as a profession. Training is given at a farm at Woodford Bridge, Essex, owned by the P.D.S.A. Students are being taught all branches of the work, and one lady vet. is seen above with two horses of an ex-artillery gun team

THE GOLDEN CARPET OF THE WEST: A scene in the Scilly Isles, where the great industry of the tiny Archipelago is in full swing—i.e., the narcissus and daffodil plantations. Scilly, though but thirty miles from Penzance, escaped much of the recent cold snap

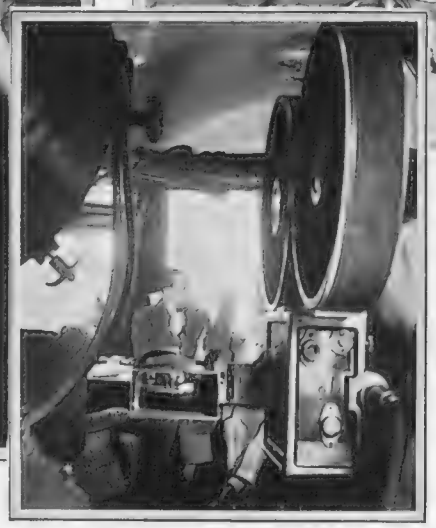
The Latest Developments in TALKIES

"THE WORKS": The giant projectors which are installed in the Leicester Square Theatre, London's newest talkie-house. The building has several unique features including a fountain in the stalls foyer. The film version of "Cimarron," by Edna Ferber, is now running there

A MODERN "MIKE": The new R.K.O. beam microphone by means of which it is believed millions will be saved by the film studios

BEHIND THE SCREEN: A loud speaker of new design recently demonstrated at the B.I.F. at Birmingham. Such a device as this is correlative to the gigantic projector seen above on left. An operator is seen adjusting a gramophone record, the volume of sound from which is regulated from the projection chamber

RUBBER COBWEBS: A mechanical device whereby cobwebs may be reproduced to order has been invented by a technician at the film studios where *77 Park Lane* is being produced. He is seen above spraying the cobwebs, which are made of rubber solution, on the cellar scene "set"



A TALKIE STUDIO ON A TRAIN: A notable development inaugurated by Gainsborough Films

The huge sound producer seen above is in practice hidden from the audience behind the screen, whereas the rotating "talkie" disc in the foreground is attached to the projector inside the operating box in the cinema. In the Gainsborough production of the famous Conan Doyle and Sherlock Holmes romance, "The Hound of the Baskervilles," a special train on the G.W.R. branch line from Newton Abbot to Moreton Hampstead was converted into a travelling film studio complete with arc-lights, recording equipment, and cameras

FILMS

English and Foreign

BLACK AND WHITE. Mr. Al Jolson in Mammy, *his latest Warner Brothers and Vitaphone production. With the star of* Sonny Boy *appear Mr. Lowell Sherman and Miss Lois Moran*

A MOVIE MADE TALKIE: Herr Conrad Veidt in Carlos and Elizabeth, *the play of Philip II of Spain, seen in England as a silent picture under the title of* The Royal Rivals

IN THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL: Miss Dodo Watts in the character of Maria in the Sheridan masterpiece, talkied by Mr. Maurice Elvey at Elstree. This is a colour picture taken by the Raycol Process

A TERROR OF THE TERROR: Herr Werner Schott in the new German historical talkie, Danton, *in which he plays the rôle of St. Just—the Soissons educated Rheims lawyer, who, after a hideous youth, was returned to the Convention as a Deputy for the Aisne. A fanatical revolutionary he joined the anti-monarchical party and went so red as to begin the attacks against Hébert and Danton. A loyal follower of Robespierre, he perished with him on the guillotine*

PEDANT AND TITAN: Robespierre (Herr Gustav Grïndgens, and Danton (Herr Fritz Kortner) face each other in the Jacobins' Club—a scene from the German talkie, Danton. *Readers of Carlyle will recall the admiration the historian felt for the dynamic patriot, whom he named the Titan of the Revolution, and the contempt he expressed for the "Jesuitical sea-green incorruptible." Above on right is Herr Eugen Klöpfer as Franz Josef, the Hapsburg G.O.M. in 1914—a German version of the outbreak of the Great War*

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

STRICTLY DISHONOURABLE: Miss Margaret Perry, and Mr. Tutio Carminati in the successful American importation presented by Charles B. Cochran and Lee Ephraim at the Phœnix Theatre

The Cochran Revue

Of the precise definition of "wise-cracks" I am not quite certain. But I am perfectly certain that the English theatre-going public are content with a moderate supply of them in one evening's entertainment. The Four Marx Brothers, the High Apostles of the "wise-crack," were not an overwhelming success at their recent season at the Palace Theatre, in spite of the fact that they had a big film reputation to help them along. Plenty of people laughed at them, but quite a remarkable number did not. There is a good deal of Marxism about Messrs. Clark and McCullough, on whom Mr. C. B. Cochran has put himself in the position of relying largely for the success of his 1931 revue. I do not mean to say that if an insufficient number of people laugh at this pair of American comedians the revue will fail; Mr. Cochran is too wily a bird to let it. Besides, there are other features. But much confidence has been placed in Messrs. Clark and McCullough. I can only hope that as time goes on they will justify it.

I did not find them wildly amusing. I never do find "wise-crach" comedians wildly amusing. There is something in their carefully calculated pep and snappiness that to me is the negation of humour. One feels all the time that one "gag" must follow another as the night the day, that one remark must inevitably be capped by the remark one is expecting. Further, this pair never really attempt any characterization; the little one like Mr. L. S. Amery, M.P., who says too much, and the taller moustached one who says too little, are always exactly the same. Occasionally they are quite diverting. But they have too much to do. Knockabout comedians can knockabout the show itself if they are not tactfully handled.

Miss Ada May is clever and a very good dancer indeed, with a certain elfishness about her that is mighty pleasant. But it was not she, whose appearances were many, who made the real success in this London Pavilion revue, but a twisting, twining, contortionist dancer, Eve, whose appearances were few. But she took them, shortly before the final curtain, with both hands and both feet. Other good points are a Venetian ballet, a couple of Noel Coward numbers, pretty dresses, and a dainty dancing troupe. Mr. Cochran has sometimes been accused of overcasting his revues. This time he has, I think, undercast.

This Revival Business.

Since it has been declared, truly, that there is a revolt against jazz music, at any rate in its cruder form, and since the modern musical entertainment is apt to cost a great deal of money and to run for a very little while, revivals of old musical plays are much in the air just now. Some of these revivals will, I think, remain in the air. I do not see, frankly, such success greeting these schemes as will justify the resuscitation of about two-thirds of the successful operettas and musical comedies of the last fifty years. Putting Gilbert and Sullivan on one side, very few have sufficient merit in them, whatever one does with the libretto and however neatly the neat old tunes are played and sung. Besides, if one solemnly and conscientiously waded through the long lists of proposed revivals which have confronted me like items on the menu of an aldermanic banquet, "the appetite will sicken and so die." The public will run (if they can run at all after such a surfeit) back to the very jazziest jazz.

Still the idea is a happy one, and I hope that, in moderation, the schemes—*opéra bouffe* at the Prince Edward and musical comedy at Daly's—will be carried out. There is no doubt that we have wearied of the play, usually of American origin, in which the chorus hardly ever stop dancing to Bedlamish tunes, played as loudly as possible by gentlemen who bang on the percussion and who stand up in the orchestra, with a spot line on them, to blare out on trumpets or trombones what somebody has pinched from somebody who has pinched it from somebody else. These nightmares of noise and imbecility have nearly always lost money. And if grand operas are revived (for unless they were there would be no grand opera season anywhere) why not light operas? Some *opéra bouffe* sends one straight to the buffet—to remain there. But plenty of musical comedy, both ancient and modern, does that.

BROAD COMEDY: Mr. Reginald Gardiner and Mr. Leonard Dainton in an amusing moment during "Naughty Cinderella" at the Comedy

The Prince Edward management have pluckily started their season with *Les Cloches de Corneville*. I say "pluckily," not because Planquette's tunes cannot challenge any light music in any age, but because little, if any, attempt has been made to bring the book up to date. Such an attempt would not, of course, be easy, yet a little re-writing here and there would not have come amiss. Also what this rather complicated story of a marquis and a miser and Serpolette and Germaine is all about should be made rather clearer.

The production is excellent, and Mr. John Ansell, whose life's enthusiasm is music of this type, directs the orchestra and the admirable chorus with a skill that makes Planquette's melodies seem even better than they really are. I do not know how Mr. Jay Laurier contrived to be funny as the Baillie; but funny he was. He did not, for once in a way, wear trousers made of old sacks, which is a pity, for their effect with a wig of the period *circa* 1730 would have been considerable. Miss Marjorie Gordon made a welcome return as Germaine; her voice is not large, but it is true and sweet, and she managed to make her personality assert its charm in a theatre which, though ideal for a revival of *The Miracle* or for the Aldershot Tattoo, is not the best possible home for a light opera. I did not care for the Serpolette of Miss Helen Debroy Somers.

Mr. Huntley Wright I have never found uproariously funny in the long, long trail of musical comedy parts that have come his way for many years past. But he is an extremely good actor, with a gift for patter. I hope that one day he will appear again in that exquisite play, *The Little Father of the Wilderness*. As Gaspard the miser, he is well suited. Mr. Wright makes him a real person, and it was he who really brought the play—as a play rather than a musical entertainment—to life.

THE RETURN OF OLGA LINDO: The actress of superb vitality and technique with Mr. Arthur Margetson at the Comedy Theatre

Hedda Gabler

From Planquette to Ibsen, from *Les Cloches de Corneville* to *Hedda Gabler* is a very nineteenth century transition. Ibsen does not date nearly so much, partly because he was before his time and partly because he never attempts to be funny. That makes him so easy to burlesque, though even that is apt to be a laborious process. He is not, however, at all easy to act. The Arts Theatre production (which was transferred subsequently to the Fortune Theatre) of this interesting study of a most unpleasant woman has banked heavily on the player of the title-rôle, for the rest of the cast is on the weak side. Indeed, I came away with the impression that they were there largely for the purpose of acting as a colourless background to Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson. I do not say they were really engaged for that reason at all; but that is all they contrived to convey. Now this sort of thing has its points when there is something to stand out sharply against the background; the actor-managers of a few years ago thrived on it, won knighthoods from it, and made fortunes out of it.

Unfortunately, Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson proved as colourless as her surroundings, with the result that grey tones prevailed throughout, and the evening was not only one of gloom—which it can hardly fail to be—but of peculiarly monotonous gloom. Miss Forbes-Robertson is an actress with plenty of brains; but her ethereal style does not suit Hedda Gabler, who was a woman of flesh and blood if ever there was one. Miss Forbes-Robertson resolutely refuses to give any evidence of flesh and blood—her ascetic personality does not allow her to do so—and Hedda was above all things full of emotional nonsense, which is why she is so irritating in many ways. She is consumed with boredom, jealousy, conceit, and Heaven knows what else, and there is plenty in the part "to get your teeth into," as old Telfer used to say. Either Miss Forbes-Robertson did not think this an occasion for exercising her teeth or, in the theatrical sense, she does not possess any. There was a certain sexless youthfulness in her performance that had its charm—or would have had its charm had this been Barrie and not Ibsen. I fear Peter Pan has had a lot to answer for in his time.

'NAUGHTY CINDERELLA": Mr. Arthur Margetson, Miss Mary Sheridan, and Mr. Reginald Gardiner in Mr. Avery Hopwood's adaptation of the somewhat hackneyed comedy by René Peter and Henri Falk in which Miss Olga Lindo makes a welcome return to London and Miss Irene Russell produces on her rare entrances delicious vignettes by humorous characterization

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"FIRST WALKING GENTLEMAN": Mr. Richard Dolman in the new vehicle selected by Mr. Jack Buchanan to effect his welcome return from screen to stage. Mr. Buchanan's sojourn on the screen has diminished in no way his immaculate tailored attraction nor his insouciant charm. His feet are as bewildering as ever they were!

THE DISCOVERY: Miss Anna Neagle, who, although a newcomer to West End musical comedy, has created a distinct sensation as a potential leading lady

A MARVELLOUS TEAM: Mr. Jack Buchanan and Miss Elsie Randolph prove that their successful association in "Sunny" was no mere flash in the pan by their equal triumph in the new production

A HERO AND HIS VALET: Mr. Jack Buchanan devotes himself to the creation of polish what time Mr. Richard Dolman indulges in a little "rough stuff" at the expense of Miss Elsie Randolph

"AND A GOOD JUDGE TOO": Mr. John MacMahon as the judge in the court scene which, though not one of the strong points of the production, yet gives Mr. Buchanan an opportunity (of which he fully avails himself) to burlesque court proceaure. Those who recall Mr. Buchanan in The Fox has left his Lair *will appreciate his talent for burlesque*

THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE: Mr. Morris Harvey, whose bewildering changes of headgear form an amusing feature in London's latest musical comedy success, disarms with a dental smile the admonishing forefinger of Mr. Jack Buchanan. It is to be regretted that this fine comedian is not provided with a finer part

ABOARD THE OCEAN LINER: One of the ingenious and effective ensembles which Mr. Buchanan has arranged in collaboration with Mr. John Boyle in the latest Hippodrome show. The decor of this set is extremely striking. The finest choral number is the skipping-rope dance

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A Complete Weekly Section of "The Sphere," Incorporating a Wide Variety of Feminine Interests

WOMEN *of* TO-DAY:

II.—THE ACTRESS, Miss Edith Evans

BY DEREK PATMORE

Miss Edith Evans's living-room has walls papered a light golden yellow, and she has succeeded in bringing a suggestion of the countryside into the room with the flowered chintz covers and charmingly simple furniture

"My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? my faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu?" . . . Who will ever forget Edith Evans as Millamant in *The Way of the World*, that exquisite figure of artificial comedy with the bewitching laugh in her voice?

I should think that Miss Edith Evans has the most entrancing voice on the English stage to-day, and it is the rare quality of speaking voice that makes her as fascinating a personality off the stage as she is before the footlights.

As I sat in Miss Evans's dressing-room listening to her talking about her theatrical career, I felt very thankful that I had not come to interview her about her views on love or husbands, for then I should have been answered in monosyllables, and not had the pleasure of listening to that fascinating voice—a voice so expressive in its range that it can express comedy or tragedy with a mere inflexion.

When I asked her how she started acting, she told me:

"I used to be a milliner, you know. Then William Powell, an old Shakespearean producer, saw me act in some amateur theatricals and offered me a part. That was before the War. I played my first part for him on the legitimate stage in *Troilus and Cressida*. . . . And after that I got a job with Dennis Eadie. It was during 1913 in September."

"What did you do after that?" I asked.

"I played a variety of small parts and, towards the end of the War, I went with the Lena Ashwell Players to France and acted for the troops in Havre."

"When the War was over I suppose you went back to the London stage. . . ." I interjected.

"Yes, funnily enough, I went back to the Royalty and played a part in *Cæsar's Wife* — an early play of Somerset Maugham's. After that I just went on acting. . . ."

Miss Evans's last remark is typical of her whole stage career. She has earned her present position by sheer hard work. She acts because she must. It is part of her personality and her whole life. When I asked her whether she had any favourite part she said:

"No. When a manager offers me a part I read it and if I think it will suit me I play it. I get tired of playing any one kind of part. Before I played Millamant I had never heard of Restoration comedy!" Yet this is the performance that really made Miss Evans.

Miss Edith Evans in character

Another view of her living-room showing her writing-table, which is a delightful early Victorian piece

Her London flat with its sunny-coloured walls, her living-room with its charming, flowered chintz covers and simple furniture is typical in its way of her personality, and all about the room are flowers. "I have a lovely house in Kent," she told me, "and when I have to be in London I try to arrange my rooms so that they remind me of the country." And in the way she arranged and cared for the flowers one could see that flowers are immensely important to her happiness and her varied moods.

Edith Evans is essentially an intellectual actress. She uses her brain as well as her emotions in her acting. How telling are those subtle inflexions of the voice and the seemingly unimportant gestures of her hands! Watching her act on the stage, one feels here is one of the few actresses of to-day worthy of the great tradition of English acting.

The Room with an ALCOVE

By KATHRINE MORRISON

Any room whose outline is broken by some irregularity, such as a bay or a recess, has a great advantage over a plain box-like structure. It is like a stage already set, awaiting only a discriminating touch to transform it into something distinctive and delightful.

This arched alcove is in the dining-room of an eighteenth-century house in Bloomsbury. A modern note is struck by the pattern of the hand-painted wall-paper, which is the work of Duncan Grant

Of course these decorative possibilities depend on the size and shape of the recesses. If they are alcoves in the truest sense of the word, they are almost a room within a room—big enough for a very large piece of furniture or a group of smaller pieces. Thus it is possible to contrive complete library or dining nooks in one end of a large living-room. Smaller recesses may be adapted as tiny writing-rooms, if they are well-lighted. If big enough for a couch, they can be used as pleasant retreats for an afternoon nap or for a quiet hour of reading.

In Tudor houses there are often plenty of such alluring nooks and corners. The great depth of the old fireplaces frequently leaves large bays to each side. Sometimes these are big enough to enclose whole staircases of the corkscrew type or cavernous cupboards. But, if left open, they make the most attractive additions to rooms which already possess such assets as old beamed ceilings, mullioned windows and immense chimney pieces.

During the Georgian period alcoves lost to some extent this haphazard character. Instead of being mere by-products in the building plan, they were deliberately incorporated into the structure of many rooms. Chimneys were still large enough to permit bays at either side of the fireplace. These were shallower than their predecessors but still roomy enough to contain some choice piece of furniture or specially constructed china cabinets. Other alcoves also appeared in Georgian houses. Sometimes they were nothing more than arched recesses big enough only for a sofa or a bookcase. But in bedrooms they were more spacious.

Some of the most beautiful of these bedroom alcoves are to be found in old French chateaux. They usually consist of an open space for the bed with two panelled doors—one leading into a deep cupboard and the other into a diminutive dressing-room.

The growing need for economizing space in the small modern flat has led to a revival of the alcove. It is found to be not only decorative but highly practical as well.

Here is a valuable suggestion for furnishing a large bay alongside an old fireplace. The position of the window makes it an ideal place for writing

THE WORLD OF WOMEN — (cont.)

THE LOUNGE: Mrs. George Mitchell in an attractively recessed angle of the lounge in her cottage in Mayfair. The "proscenium" effect forms an extraordinarily decorative setting to which the star adds a note of richness

THE EXTERIOR: Mrs. George Mitchell at the front door of her "rustic" London cottage. Bell and lamp, latticed windows and trellised walls strike a welcome if discordant note in the drab and monotonous symphony of Mayfair houses. The pipes alone are out of the picture

A FRIEZE OF BIRDS: An unusual wall decoration in a low-ceilinged apartment in a house at Richmond

A SCHEME FOR THE SMALL BEDROOM: A treatment by Pogatschnig. Above the head of the bed is a Ponti tile while at the foot is a motto: "Dawn is lovelier than dreaming"

THE PAVED GARDEN: Mrs. George Mitchell in the *mignonne* pleasaunce at the back of "Grosvenor Cottage"

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SPRI

Hyacinth *Tulip* *Daffodil* *Daffodil*

In many gardens the brightly-hued crocuses are now touching us with the quickening breath of spring, and we are already looking forward to the coming of many lovely successors. Because of their simple and unassuming beauty spring flowers are universally admired, and the true gardener is always on the lookout for plants hardy enough to survive the vicissitudes of our winters, but still possessing sufficient vitality to burst into bloom in early spring. In their simplicity of form and structure spring garden flowers more nearly approach wild flowers than any other. It is noticeable that Nature avoids colour clashes, but much room exists for improvement in association of colours when plants are cultivated. One has only to think of the beauty of a group of daffodils with sombre evergreens as a background to realize this point. Then imagine the daintiness of the poet's narcissi in grassland alongside a woodland walk. Planters should endeavour to obtain similar effects even in formal beds, as those who have tried carpeting those wonderful daffodils, golden spur and King Alfred, with polyanthus crimson king, will agree. Formal in outline as hyacinths undoubtedly are, much of the stiffness disappears if white varieties are associated with a dwarfer subject such as myosotis royal blue. An even better effect is obtained by surmounting blue violas with that fine early-flowering yellow tulip chrysolora. Whimsicalities of taste and fashion may govern these colour groupings to some degree, but it will be conceded that much more thought should be expended on the subject than is usually the case.

VERNAL HARBINGERS: A bed of crocus, the gallant flowers that dare the earliest spring

Colour Schemes

Although it is too late to think about making these spring flower-beds there is still plenty of time for planting perennials, and the need for proper colour grouping is just as strongly marked here.

Apparently, many people overlook the fact that charming effects accrue from the blending of lilac, mauve, purple, and lavender shades, while equally pleasing is the proximity of yellow to light and dark blue flowers. Obviously, it is possible in small beds or borders to have one colour only, and in any case it is safer in small arrangements to rely on three. Blue, white, salmon, and gold never fail to please, but if a long border is being made the planter must avoid patchwork effects as he would a plague. Starting at one end of the border, light blue should be used and immediately followed with darker shades of the same colour. Next to this come the yellows, and then the pink and rose flowers. As a foil between the pink and rose and the warmer tones of crimson, orange, and scarlet, which should be in the centre of the border, use the white flowers, remembering that it is always best to associate the latter with plants possessing silver-grey foliage. After the warm tones, more white, pink, and rose may be employed, finishing with lilac, mauve, and lavender. There are so many flowers that may be planted now, hence the stress on the importance of obtaining colour harmonies. In making a mixed flower border, the stately delphinium, the lovely phlox, chaste Madonna lilies, seedling sweet peas, brilliant blue anchusas, invaluable Michaelmas daisies, accommodating Canterbury bells, homely sweet Williams, snapdragons, penstemons, gladioli (corms on thin bases of sand), astilbes, campanulas, globe thistles, showy lupins, statice latifolia (sea lavender), heucheras, heleniums, scabiosa caucasica, violas and pansies, etc., may all be included and planted now. Choose a sunny site for border carnations, and if there are wire-worms in the soil, sow stump-rooted carrots between the rows.

Pruning the Rose

Of supreme importance is the pruning of rose bushes in spring, because it is only by intelligent shortening of growth made last year that one can ensure a wealth of blossom throughout the coming summer and autumn.

The penalty for neglecting to prune is a harvest of flowers lacking in both size and colour, and poor foliage which proves very susceptible to aphis and mildew.

Too often, however, pruners work by rule of thumb methods and thus fail to reap rich rewards. There is nothing inexplicable or mysterious about rose pruning, but bushes should receive attention in accordance with their habits. For example, weak growers must be cut back to within two or three buds of their bases to diminish the areas through which the sap circulates, so concentrating the vigour of the bushes on the upkeep of less wood and the production of finer flowers.

THE ROCK GARDEN: One of the most delightful forms of horticulture

Tulip

Myosotis

In the Garden

By F. W. MILES

Author of "Gardening in Practice and Theory," "Jottings from a Gardener's Notebook," etc

Heading by courtesy of Messrs. Sutton and Sons, Reading

Among notably weak growers are Lady Hillingdon, Mrs. Sharman Crawford, Mrs. George Norwood, Liberty, Emma Wright, and Prince Camille de Rohan. On the other hand, those great favourites, Madame Butterfly, Ophelia, Betty Uprichard, General McArthur, Mabel Morse, Mrs. Henry Morse, etc., are all fairly vigorous in habit, and the method of procedure adopted with them is to cut back all last season's growth to about one-third of its present length.

Roses of ultra-vigorous habit, such as Hugh Dickson, J. B. Clark, Frau Karl Druschki, Juliet, and Gruss an Teplitz, very often do better when all dead or diseased and weakly wood is removed and long growths are pegged down to the ground at almost their entire lengths. This treatment induces many buds along the stem which might have remained dormant to break and form strong lateral growths capable of producing many flowers.

A great point to bear in mind is that, whatever the type of bush, it is essential to remove carefully all dead wood, together with any "suckers" from the stocks, and to keep the centres of all specimens as open as possible.

Climbing roses on walls or pillars are pruned by cutting back side growths to within two or three buds of their bases, but true ramblers such as American Pillar, Excelsa Dorothy Perkins, etc., must have all the old flowering wood removed. The modern polyantha roses so popular for bedding purposes require but little pruning beyond thinning of the old wood.

Defer the pruning of hybrid teas until the end of the first week in April, and deal with the hybrid perpetuals during the last week in March.

Annual Flowers

Popular as hardy annuals are for summer bedding purposes, still wider scope exists for their cultivation. With the exercise of a little thought in the disposition of the various subjects, a border of annuals will provide a very beautiful spectacle during the summer. Seeds of such as larkspurs, sweet sultans, Shirley poppies, godetias, Virginian stocks, clarkias, candytufts, etc., may all be broadcasted on soil which has been brought down to a fine state. Mignonette and nigella flower better when sown in drills. It is rather too late for sowing such as snapdragons and penstemons under glass, but half-hardy annuals like petunias, verbenas, salpiglossis, ten-week stocks, asters, phlox drummondii, tobacco plants, and nemesias may still be sown in boxes filled with fine soil. Germinated in gentle heat, and transplanted to other boxes when large enough for handling, the resultant seedlings will provide a wonderfully effective display in the height of summer.

Among the Fruit Trees

Of wondrous beauty are the blossoms of fruit trees in spring, but unhappily the same trees do not always provide a satisfying spectacle in autumn. Sometimes light crops are due to late frosts, but frequently failures — especially with plums — may be traced to mistaken cultural methods. Plums, peaches, nectarines, in fact all stone fruits, are insistent in their demand for lime in the soil. This means that growers, deploring poor yields of stone fruits in past seasons, should give their land a good dressing of lime now. With apples and pears greater care should be exercised in planting fertile varieties among infertile sorts. This ensures a better "set" of the blossoms and, consequently, a more satisfactory crop. In cases where the trees have become old, this is an ideal time for cutting the branches back to within twelve or eighteen inches of the central trunk and grafting them with scions taken from young and vigorous trees. Much useful information on apple stocks generally may be obtained from the East Malling Experimental Station. Then, apple yields are often low because of cankered growth resulting from attack of American blight, commonly known as woolly aphis. On young trees this pest may be controlled by painting with methylated spirits, while on old standards something may be done to improve matters by planting climbing nasturtiums at the bases of the trunks. Happy is the grower who can go through spring without protecting the blossoms of fruit trees growing on walls. The wise gardener will protect them by hanging a treble thickness of ordinary netting in front of the branches. In cases of "big bud" attack on black currants, remove swollen buds, and about mid-April spray the bushes with a lime-sulphur wash. There is still time to plant strawberries, and the merits of those modern introductions, Sir Douglas Haig and The Duke, should not be overlooked.

A SURREY GARDEN: A lovely pleasaunce at Esher in the early days of spring

For Vegetable Growers

In giving advice on the cultivation of vegetables, one must assume that the soil has already been well cultivated. Only in rare cases are growers able to obtain sufficient organic manure, so that it has become a matter of prime importance to make the maximum amount of use of available supplies. For example, peas, runner beans, celery, onions, and leeks are all gross feeders refusing to flourish on any except well-manured land. On the other hand, it is not necessary to add fresh manure for root crops such as parsnips, carrots, and beets. Potatoes and the remainder of the vegetables are happier when the land has been moderately manured. In many gardens club root presents a serious problem. The best method of control is to practise an intelligent system of rotation, thus avoiding placing members of the Brassica tribe which, by the way, includes turnips and radishes on the same piece of land two years in succession. On sheltered borders intensive cropping should always be practised. Such a border could be utilized to receive first early peas in rows 4 ft. apart, while early potatoes, lettuces, or radishes might well occupy the intervening spaces. All these crops would mature in time to allow the grower to recrop the same land in August with winter turnips or winter spinach.

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A CHARMING VISTA OF THE SURROUNDING ISLANDS: Not only are tennis and golf, boating and bathing available, but there is also riding at Brioni

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

BRIONI ISLAND

The Jewel of the Adriatic

A SECTION OF THE GOLF COURSE: The amenities offered to tourists at Brioni challenge comparison with those of any other resort

This lovely island, which lies in the northern Adriatic not very far from Venice and Trieste and reached by either port by the beautifully appointed up-to-date oil-burning ships of the San Marco Steamship Company in about six hours, is a holiday resort of an entirely new kind and is proving a great attraction to English visitors for whom the casinos and hectic amusements of the Continent have lost their charm.

Where else can one go for a holiday in Europe and be free from the hoot of a motor horn and the noise of motor traffic and, at the same time, have all outdoor games, including polo, close at hand?

There is always something attractive about a small wooded island, and when one lands and finds one can stay at a first-class hotel and play every sort of game as well as being able to swim, ride, and dance to one's heart's content, one is indeed lucky.

Brioni has an interesting history. In the old Roman days the island was the resort of the nobles and their families. The ruins of their villas, baths, and temples are most interesting and can be made the object of many pleasant excursions. In the great days of the Venetian Republic Brioni flourished exceedingly, its quarries supplying large quantities of stone for the construction of palaces and churches in Venice and elsewhere. In Brioni itself there were in the fifteenth century no fewer than five churches, which indicates that it must have had a large number of inhabitants.

THE JEWEL OF THE ADRIATIC: A general view of Brioni, which gives its name to a tiny archipelago off the Istrian Peninsula

With the decline of the great Republic of Venice, Brioni also fell into oblivion, and for four centuries was an evergreen wilderness. In 1895, however, Mr. Paul Kupelwieser, an Austrian magnate with large interests in iron and steel, saw the island by chance and was so attracted by its beauties that he purchased it with the idea of developing it as a country seat for himself and his family,

Mr. Kupelwieser was a man with great gifts of mind and character, and under his energetic direction the wilderness vanished for the greater part and in its place appeared a charming country estate with excellent farm lands, vineyards, and fruitful gardens. Other parts of the island were intentionally left in their original state. Water was brought from the mainland in pipes, roads were made, and many thousands of conifers and other trees planted. The work was carried out with great judgment and in excellent taste.

At this time the Adriatic coast had just become popular with tourists and travellers, and the owner of Brioni decided to develop his property as a holiday centre. (Continued on following page)

ATHENS IN MAY

On May 2nd the "ORONSAY," 20,000 tons, will sail for a Cruise in the Mediterranean, visiting North Africa, Rhodes, Athens, the Adriatic Coast and Malta
24 days from 42 gns.

Other Cruises to the Mediterranean on May 9th & 23rd, & June 13th

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ENTHUSIASM

THE BOY SCOUT.
The world-wide success of the Scout movement is an example of what can be achieved by enthusiasm.

IT is the fashion nowadays to sneer at enthusiasm. Only the very young and unsophisticated may indulge in it.

Fortunately, however, there are still some who dare to defy the dictum of fashion. Having seen visions and dreamed dreams, they go forth in the power of enthusiasm to success.

So with the makers of the Standard car. The desire to progress —the insistence on quality—the determination to satisfy — every aim fired with an enthusiasm that achieves its object.

Every Standard model represents improvement in its class. There is nothing slipshod—only the best is passed. Every unit and part is subjected to inspection and test, so that when the car takes the road with the Hall Mark of Standard, it satisfies—and creates enthusiasm.

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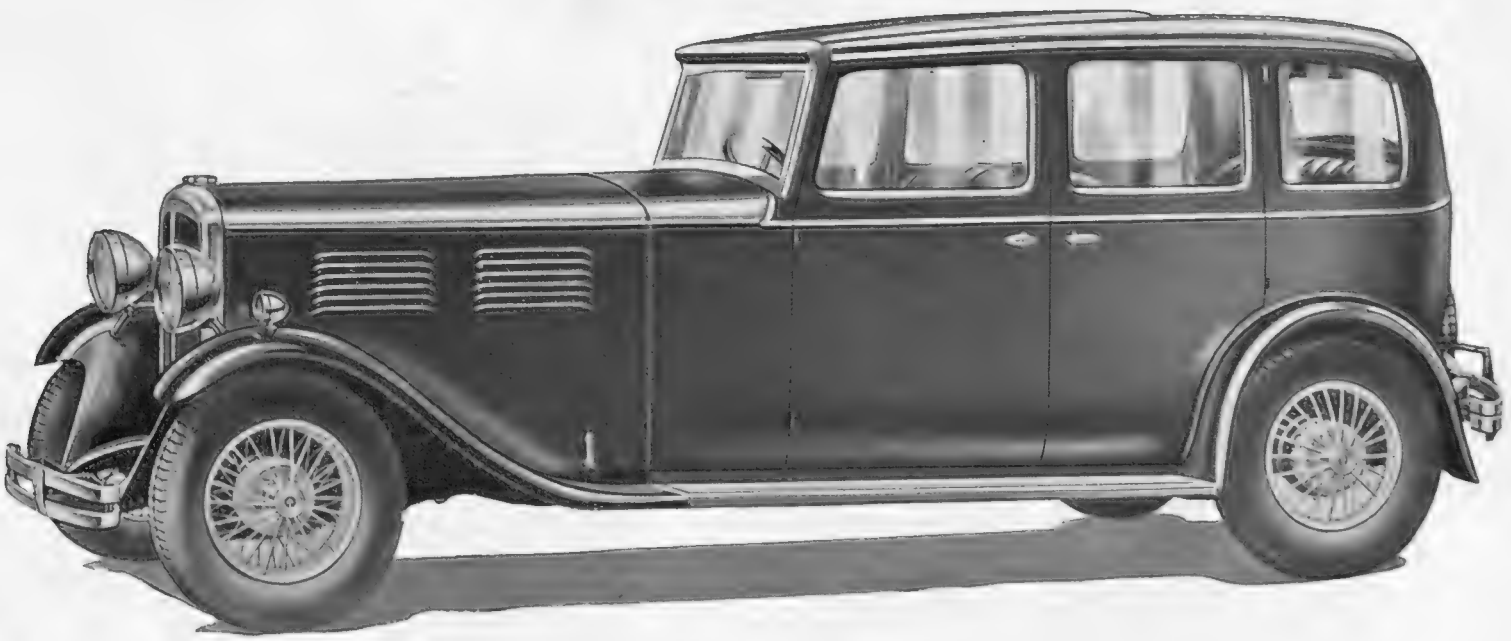

Models for 1931

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Six Cylinder Half-Panelled Saloon
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Six Cylinder Saloons—as illustrated
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Four Cylinder Saloons
From £195—£255

Dunlop Tyres as Standard

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LTD COVENTRY

THE BATHING ESTABLISHMENT: Brioni specializes in bathing and boating although many other diversions—even polo and alfresco dancing—are available

BRIONI ISLAND

(*Continued from page 504*)

By 1913 an hotel, accommodating 500 people, had been built, and the place had become the fashionable meeting place of Austrian Society and the Imperial Court.

After the War the island returned to its mother country, Italy, and was still further developed by the late owner, Mr. Carlo Kupelwieser, for the amusement of his visitors, Golf, riding, tennis, and polo go on all the year round, and there is something about the place which makes one feel one is a guest at a large house party on a country estate.

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free: 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

With the ROMAN LEGIONS in AUTUN

On a pleasant hill slope, guarded by a cohort of other wooded hills and approached by a broad highway, the little city of Autun surveys the north-east province of France and her own glorious past. For like her ancient tutelar deity, the two-headed Janus,

PORTE D'ARROUX: A relic of the legionaries in the little French city

Autun has two faces: one looking into the past, the stirring history of an important hill-city, and one scanning the future, a prospect bright with the hope of the recognition of her charms on all pilgrims to the beautiful cities of France.

Entering the town by the Porte d'Arroux, the traveller follows in the wake of Roman legions who built this and the other great gateway, the Porte d'André, complete with gallery and Corinthian pilasters.

Autun of the Middle Ages was the typical walled city, with the river winding at its feet, that is limned in medieval manuscripts. It graced the dominions of the great Dukes of Burgundy. St. Lazare, ever beloved by the French, succeeded Janus as patron of the town. From the twelfth century to the fifteenth the cathedral dedicated to his name rose on the slopes and was finally surmounted by the Gothic spire that beckons travellers to Autun from the highway. The devotion of medieval Autun to its saint is still kept alive in the fountain of St. Lazare near the cathedral—one of the meeting-places of the town—and in his fair, which still throngs the streets with pilgrims from the surrounding country during the first two weeks of September. So much may be suggested of the past on which Autun's backward look is cast. Nowhere is her two-fold view better exemplified than in the hospitable Hôtel de St. Louis et de la Poste. Built around a courtyard in the picturesque manner of an old coaching inn, it offers within the gaily-decorated rooms the cleanly comfort and succulent meals of a first-class French hotel.

PORTE D'ANDRÉ: With its gallery and Corinthian pilasters, this is one of the glories of Rome in Autun

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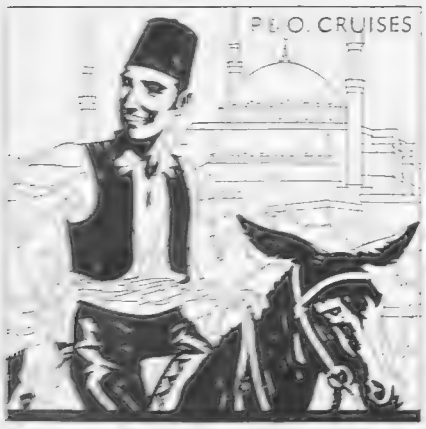

TO THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE

On May-day the famous P & O liner RANCHI will leave England for a month's cruise, visiting strange ports and villages on the little-trodden shores of the Black Sea.

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L.A.

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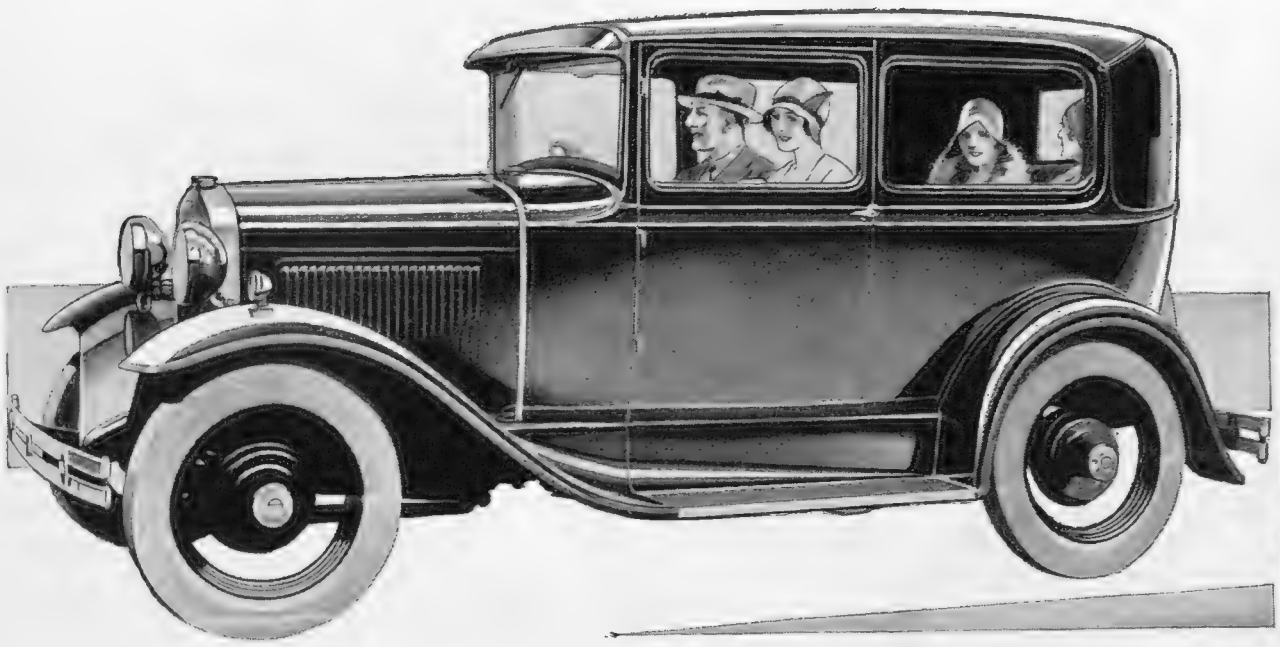

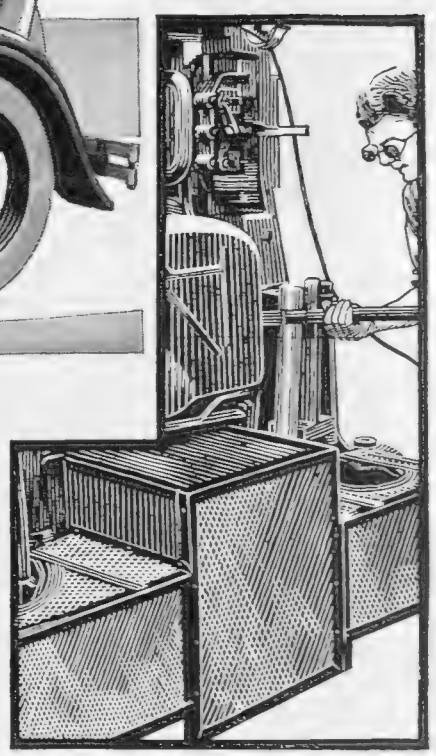

There are 90 weldings on the cowl and front body-frame assembly alone —forming an all-steel unit of exceptional strength.

New Ford Tudor Saloon 24 h.p. **£180** *at works, Manchester.* (14.9 *h.p.* **£5** *extra.*)

AMIDST all the hazards of the highway, you ride serenely safe in the New Ford.

The bodywork is made of tough, well tempered steel, welded into single-piece construction. Light, strong, free from squeaks or rattles. Ready for any emergency.

The New Ford has the unmistakable stamp of clean finish and honest workmanship. Nothing on the road up to twice the price looks better, runs more smoothly or gives more enduring wear.

Yet no car of comparable performance or comfort provision costs so little over years of sterlingly satisfactory service.

Ask your nearest Ford dealer for a trial run to-day.

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Touring Car ·	24 *h.p.*	**£185**
Standard Coupé	„	**£185**
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De Luxe Touring Car	„	**£225**
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(The Car that depreciates least)

Wide Lock
(It turns like a Taxi)

The conditions of Modern Motoring are such as to materially enhance the value and importance of the feature illustrated here.

It has been said that the Riley "9" "turns like a taxi," and that statement is no exaggeration.

Think of the value of this feature when travelling on the crowded highways of to-day, when crawling through the heavy traffic of our city streets.

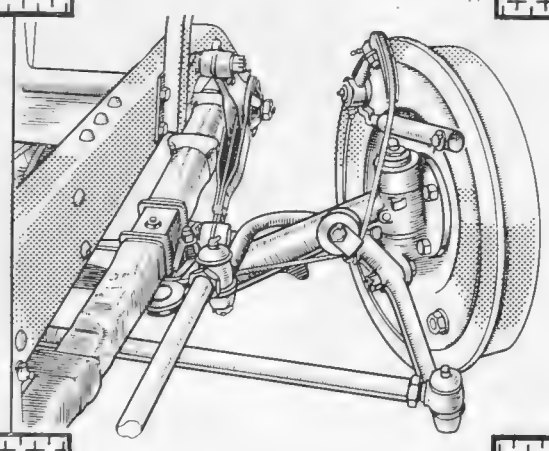
Think, too, of the handiness in handling when your garage is a small one and it's none too easy to get in and out.

The easy handling of the Riley "9" is certainly one of its most appreciated features and you will share that appreciation to the full after a single demonstration.

May we arrange this?

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY — Riley — AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

The wide lock of a Riley "9" gives a turning circle of 30 ft.



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CUT-PRICE LUXURY: This handsome Rolls-Royce limousine sells complete for £1,695 and can be supplied from stock in a number of different colour schemes. The chassis is the well-known 20/25 h.p. model

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

NEW RACING DRIVERS.—The motor racing season has now started, perhaps a little earlier than usual, and everything points to even greater popularity for it both from competitors and from the public. It is a curious thing but as each winter comes along the wiseacres start to draw long faces and prophesy that the season about to commence will be so poor that motor racing will only last a few years longer. The first Brooklands meeting, however, invariably shows that these dismal Jimmies are bad fortune-tellers. True, a well-known racing man may drop out here and there, but as soon as he does half-a-dozen new ones rush in to fill the gap. We had down at Brooklands for the first meeting twenty-five drivers who had never previously competed at a Brooklands meeting. This sudden rush of new blood easily created a record. Most of these new-comers made their appearance in the "Mountain" Races which are run over a course including two very different types of corners. Qualified observers watched their driving carefully, and almost without exception these expert onlookers were agreeably surprised to find that these cars were handled with real skill.

I am beginning to think that the so-called depression is rapidly moving off to Iceland or somewhere else far away because at Brooklands we have seen no signs of what I might call bad times during 1931. The great activity amongst the racing competitors, a record influx of new members to the club, the fitting up of fresh advertising sites, and a large expansion of every type of aircraft work make everyone connected with or a visitor to the famous track at Weybridge a real optimist as regards the new season that has commenced. Perhaps it is that the large concrete oval does not allow any signs of trade depression to cross over it. Even last year, when things were supposed to be very bad, Brooklands had almost its record year.

Entries have come in very well for the Junior Car Club's British Double Twelve Hours Race, and both the Royal Irish Automobile Club and the Royal Automobile Club anticipate attracting greater support than ever for their classic events in Dublin and Belfast this year. This is certainly all very strange, because if the motor trade is passing through anxious times one would expect that the racing and competition part of motoring would be the first to suffer.

A NEW ALVIS.—I have just learnt that a new Alvis model has been introduced; this will be known as the 12/60 h.p. Sports Alvis. Its chassis is similar to that of the well-known "12/50," but the compression ratio of the engine has been increased. Two carburetters help to increase the power and the rear springs are modified to provide safe and comfortable driving at the much higher speeds of which this new car is capable. In Brooklands trim I am told the car will easily attain 90 m.p.h., whilst in its ordinary condition it is capable of 85 m.p.h. Cycle type wings are fitted and the beetle-shape tail encloses a single dickey seat and a quickly adjusted disappearing hood. The price of this new Sports car is £410, and at that figure it seems to me to be one of the most attractive propositions ever turned out by the Alvis Company.

WHEN TO STOP.—There appears to be a considerable amount of misunderstanding amongst motorists as to when they are legally required to stop under the provisions of the Road Traffic Act. For the assistance of drivers the R.A.C. offers the following information on the matter. The driver is required to stop the vehicle whenever he is requested to do so by a police-constable in uniform. Police-constables not in uniform and private persons have no power to stop a driver. A driver is also required to stop if he is involved in any accident in which damage or injury is caused to any person, vehicle, or animal, and to give his name and address to any person having reasonable grounds for requiring it. The Act defines "animal" as horse, cattle, ass, mule, sheep, pig, goat, or dog. Failure to stop in any of the above circumstances constitutes an offence. In addition, it is an offence not to stop when signalled to do so by a traffic regulation sign or by a constable engaged in traffic regulation.

B.S.A.—Although three-wheelers are usually looked upon as coming in the motor-cycle class, I think I would be justified in referring to the B.S.A. three-wheeler as a car. It has a 2-cylinder air-cooled engine developing about 24 h.p., and is capable of a speed somewhere near 60 m.p.h. It embodies front-wheel drive, braking on all wheels, interchangeable wheels, three speeds and reverse, car-type controls, and electric self-starter. This handy vehicle has proved very popular with the various police forces who use it for fast patrol work on the roads. The price has now been reduced to £100, and as the tax is only £4 per annum this B.S.A. must be looked upon as one of the most economical propositions in the motoring world.

(Continued on p. 510

ON THE VILLAGE GREEN: Some attractive 1931 Standard models by the memorial fountain in the pretty village of Mickleton, Gloucestershire

A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N

"Over 200,000 miles covered— replacements and spares negligible"

THE TWENTY MAYFAIR SALOON

***Owner Report No. 334; Austin Twenty. Car No. P. 1831; Registered 1920.**

If you have money to burn—if you are prepared to change your car, say every year—there are many cars that may satisfy you.

But if you want a car for the years—not merely the car of the year—you will be wise to choose an Austin. For in each Austin car is built far more than an owner can take out.

Nowhere is evidence of this more convincingly shown than in this Owner Report :—

The car, purchased in 1920, has done well over 200,000 miles—the second speedometer gave out at 170,000 miles.

The original engine bearings have not been renewed, yet they show practically no wear.

Nor was this car's path an easy one—but under the formidable tropical conditions of Trinidad and on so-called 'roads' encountered in opening up oil-fields abroad. Yet replacements and spares have been negligible . . . . which shows that it takes much to break the heart of an Austin.

When considering your next car, therefore—bear in mind the significance of this testimony. Then see your nearest Austin dealer.

**Remember. This is an Austin owner's experience. No specially made tests are solicited or published in this series of reports.*

The Twenty Mayfair Saloon (as Illustrated)

£530

(At Works)

Upholstered in Vaumol grain hide. Equipment includes: Triplex glass, chromium finish and Dunlop tyres. Whitehall Saloon (4 window) £530. Ranelagh Limousine £575. Marlborough Landaulet £525. Sunshine roof £10

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That anguished look, when the hand seeks the gear lever, has gone for ever.

The Armstrong Siddeley Pre-selective Self-changing Gear calls for no more imagination, ability or experience than is needed to move a small trigger mounted on the steering wheel.

A perfectly silent change is made to or from any gear, at any speed.

If you would rid yourself for ever of the bugbear of gear changing, and know what real pleasure motoring is, then you must try this

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY "15"

in which you will find more roomy accommodation and luxury than can be found in any other car of its type.

Users report mileages around the 100,000 mark without the slightest trouble.

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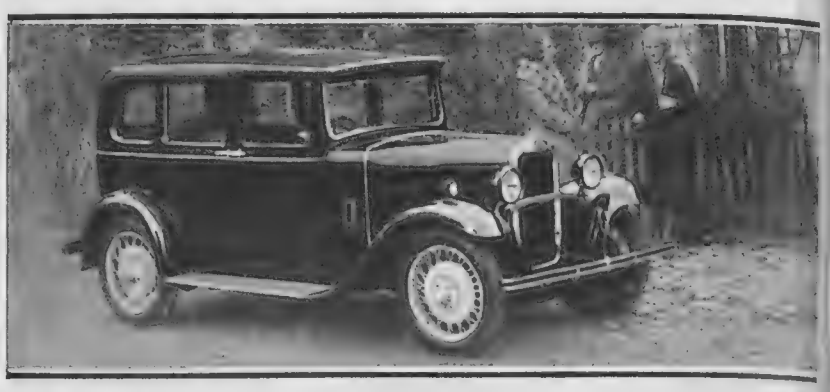

THE SMALLER SINGER: A Singer Ten saloon in a pretty corner in Dinton, a charming Buckinghamshire village which is reached from the main Aylesbury-Thame road by an avenue of chestnuts

The PETROL World—(Cont.)

The SINGER "TEN" SALOON

A Car Biography

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE RETURN OF A FAMOUS MODEL.—The Singer "Ten" has been re-introduced this year, and there is no doubt that the manufacturers are right in their decision to offer this particular model to the public. The original Singer "Ten" made its appearance in 1912 and was the first four-cylinder light car of modern times. When it made its appearance nineteen years ago it made a name for itself in the short space of one season. Up to then the light cars of those days had two cylinder engines with all kinds of quaint transmission systems, including belts and chains. The critics at first laughed at the Singer with its four tiny cylinders and its orthodox transmission. Owing to its sweet running and its successes in many public trials and races it established itself, and others soon began to follow.

With so much experience in building a car of this description it is not surprising to find that the present Singer "Ten" is a really good motor car. I do not wish to imply that the present edition bears any outward resemblance to its famous predecessor, because that would be quite contrary to the facts, but the public should understand that although they cannot see it with their eyes this very extensive experience is incorporated in the present day model.

When the car arrived for me I first of all thought some mistake had been made as it neither looked like a 10 h.p. motor car, owing to its roominess, nor did it have any appearance of an article which could be sold to the public at £210.

On the road I quickly discovered that the makers in providing four forward speeds had stolen a march on their competitors. Everyone is agreed that four speeds are very desirable, but naturally a gear-box of this nature is more expensive to make than one which only provides three forward speeds. Obviously, the smaller the engine the greater the necessity for the more expensive type of gear-box, but as the small engined car is usually a moderately priced vehicle the owner cannot be given a four-speed box. The Singer "Ten" is the first car with a small engine costing round about £200 that I have ever tried with a gear-box of this description. The performance on the road is infinitely better than it would have been had only three gears been at my disposal. There is a high third which enables the driver to take moderate hills at a surprising speed.

ENGINE AND STEERING. — The four-cylinder engine is a sweet running unit at all speeds, moreover it is powerful for its size and is eminently suitable for its task. As regards speed I found that the speedometer needle went up to 54 m.p.h., but I think with the circumstances in a more favourable mood that speed could have been exceeded. On third gear it was quite easy to touch the 40 m.p.h. mark.

The steering was good and the lock provided was ample. The braking system consists of internal expanding shoes operating in drums attached to the four wheels. Both the pedal and the lever operate this one set. In operation I found the retarding effect all that could be desired. The suspension of the car does not call for any adverse criticism, and whether there was one or four occupants the springs appeared to be able to do their job effectively.

In general appearance the car is impressive and looks more like a 15 h.p. model than what it actually is. The equipment is complete and the purchaser finds items included in the general specification which he would scarcely expect in a car selling at £210. For instance, there are electrically controlled dipping head lamps, bumpers, and chromium plating to all exterior fittings.

REFINEMENTS. — The manufacturers have very wisely placed the petrol tank at the rear of the chassis, a position which is distinctly preferable to any other, but a refinement of this nature is not often given in a car of this price.

I also noticed, though I must confess I did not use it, a sliding roof. The windscreen is made of Triplex safety glass and the dashboard instruments include a trip-speedometer and an eight-day clock. The appearance of the car is made more pleasing by the provision of wire wheels, these being shod with Dunlop reinforced low pressure tyres. The particular model that I tested was a four-door saloon, but I noticed that other models are available. There is a very nice-looking coupé which will seat four people and for the more hardy type of individual an open four-seater tourer is available, the price in this case being £185. The manufacturers have standardized certain colours, these being mulberry maroon, ebony black, dark electric blue, and chocolate brown. In each case the wheels and mouldings are painted in subdued harmonizing shades.

In conclusion, I would say that this Singer "Ten" lives well up to the reputation which the other models have gained for the name of Singer during the past few years.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the SINGER "TEN" SALOON

Engine—4 cylinders.
Bore and Stroke — 65 mm. and 95 mm.
Capacity—1,261 cc.
Ignition—Rotax Coil and Battery.
Carburettor—Solex Horizontal.
Clutch—Single Dry Plate.
Gear-box—Four Forward Speeds and a Reverse.
Steering—Worm and Nut.
Brakes—Internal Expanding on Four Wheels.
Suspension — Semi-Elliptic all round Leather Gaiters and Shock Absorbers.
Lighting and Starting — 12-volt Rotax Set.
Petrol Supply—Rear Tank Autovac
Annual Tax—£11.

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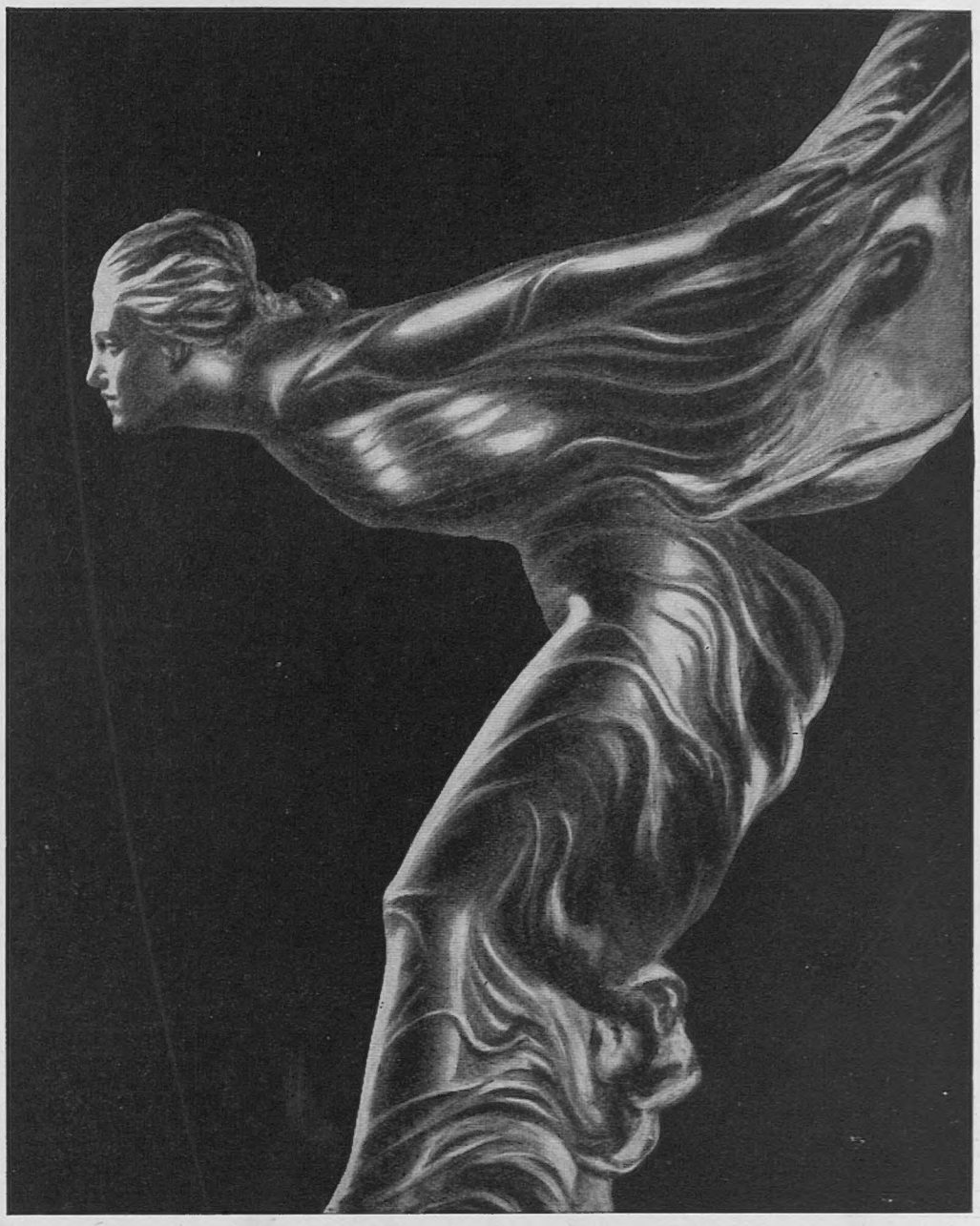

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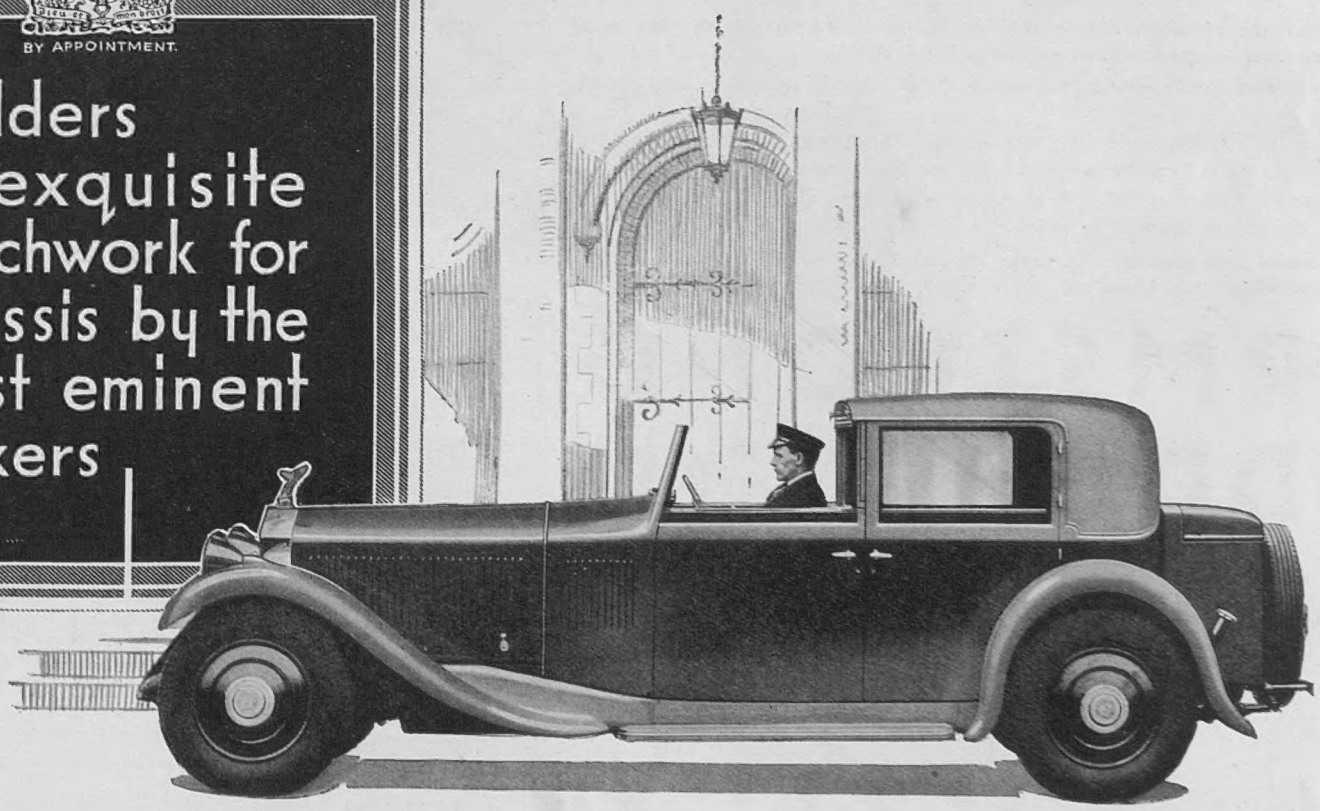

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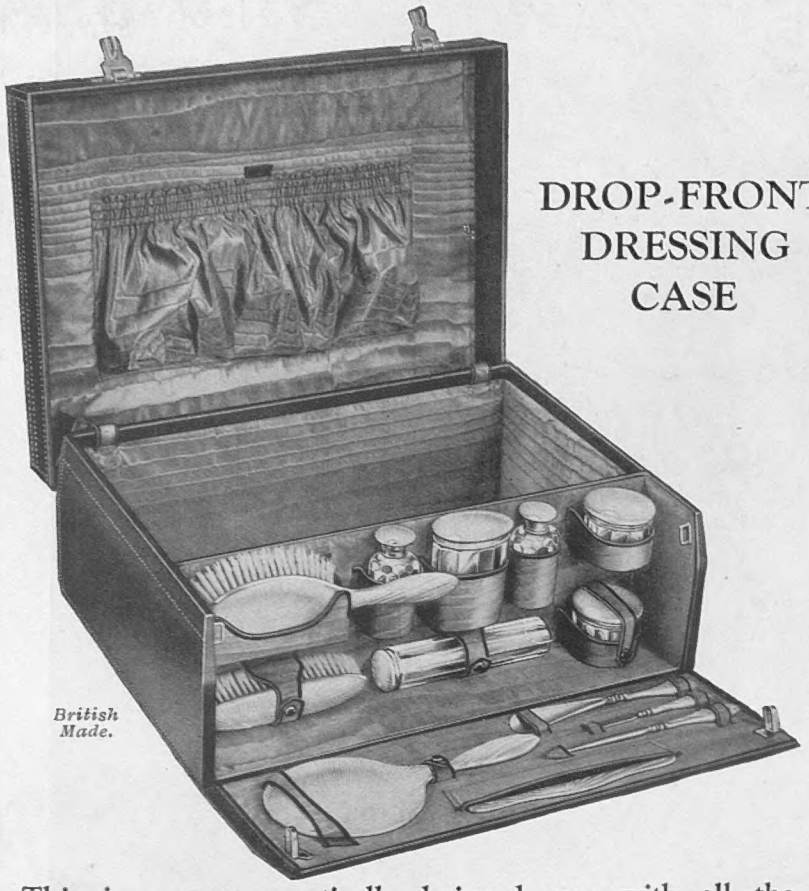

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NOTES AND NEWS

THE ORIGIN OF THE EASTER EGG

The pleasant custom of presenting Easter Eggs to friends is a very ancient one. Many centuries ago the egg was regarded by the Egyptians, the Persians and the Greeks as an emblem of the Universe, and in the time of the early Christians the egg was greatly appreciated as a gift, since it was regarded as a symbol containing within itself the element of a future life. The Christian feast of Easter itself was originally the great Pagan Festival of Spring when men rejoiced to see the longer days and such things as flowers, leaves and eggs breaking out into young and vigorous life.

A MIXED CLUTCH: A selection of Easter Eggs, made by the famous firm of Fry

Easter Eggs are becoming more popular every year, and Fry's are now turning out at their new factory at Somerdale thousands of dainty eggs and novelties of all kinds and sizes to cope with the ever-increasing demand. There are plain chocolate eggs, milk chocolate eggs, gaily ribboned eggs filled with confectionery, eggs with wristlet watches and necklaces, eggs in vases, and last but not least, eggs filled with the delicious cream, the making of which has been Fry's secret for sixty years past. This well-known house has always made a point of catering for the little folk, and some happy gifts are combinations of clockwork toys and eggs.

Send your friends, therefore, a Fry's chocolate egg this Easter. It will be not only a gift but also a charming messenger of joy and hope, and nothing could be more acceptable at a time when Nature is putting on her spring-time dress of green.

A GOOD CHOICE FOR EASTER

There is no doubt that the genial practice of giving a token of affection at Easter to one's friends and relations is still very popular. For this reason the very fine range of Easter Eggs and Novelties made by Rowntree's, of York, is to be recommended. Almost all confectioners will be pleased to show a selection of really attractive Rowntree novelties at prices ranging from a 1d. to 10s.

EASTER OFFERINGS: Three elaborate Easter Eggs, from Rowntree's factory at York

THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL

Next Tuesday, March 31, one of the great sporting events of this era of sport will be held. This is an Amateur Boxing Tournament in aid of the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic (of the Royal Free Hospital), organized for the Scottish Women's Hospitals' Memorial Association. This great event will be held by permission of the Amateur Boxing Association and under the auspices of the Belsize Boxing Club at the Royal Albert Hall at 7 p.m. The events will consist of competitions between the representatives of the Navy and Marines, the Army, the R.A.F., and the Civil Service in four weights (Heavy, Middle, Light, and Feather) for four silver cups—one for the winner in each weight; and competitions between members of the City Police, Metropolitan Police, Irish Free State Civic Guard, London Fire Brigade, Polytechnic Boxing Club, and "Times" Boxing Club, in two weights (Heavy and Middle) for the Trevor Dawson Challenge Cup and two silver cups—one to the individual winner in each weight. The prizes will be presented by the Duke of York, the Patron. Lord Lonsdale is the President. Tickets range in price from 21s. to 2s. 4d.

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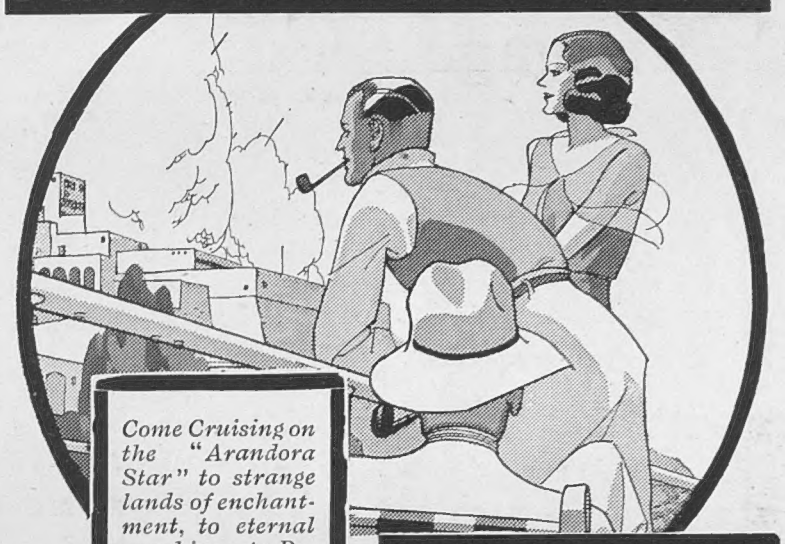

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